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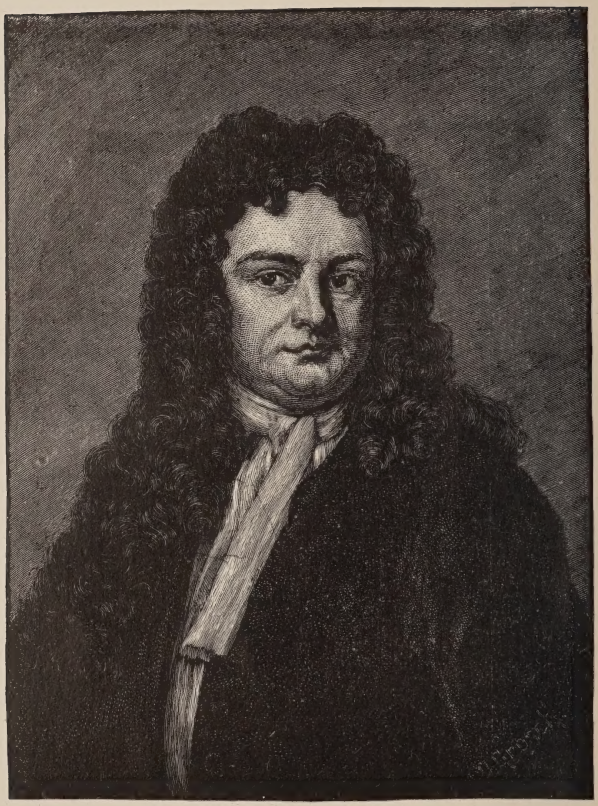

RICHARD STEELE.

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SELECTIONS

FROM THE WORKS OF

SIR RICHARD STEELE

EDITED WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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PREFACE.

THIS volume of selections from Steele's works differs from other similar volumes in that it gives extracts from his plays, his poems, his letters, and his political tracts, as well as from his periodical writings, and in that it arranges the selections in the order of time. My object has been to give as complete an idea as possible of the whole field of Steele's work, and to allow the student to trace the development of his style and genius.

G. R. C.

November, 1896.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION ix

I. The Main Facts of Steele's Life . . . x
II. Personal Appearance xviii
III. Character xx
IV. Relations with Addison, Pope, and Swift . xxxiii
V. The Growth of the Reading Public . . . xliv
VI. Steele's Poems, his Political and Ethical Writings, his Letters, and his Plays . . xlvii
VII. Steele's Periodical Writings: their Character and their Influence lii
VIII. Steele's Style lx
IX. Chronological List of Steele's Writings . lxii

SELECTIONS.

I, II. Early Letters 1
III. Dedication of the Christian Hero . . 3
IV. The Christian Hero 5
V. The Funeral 12
VI. The Tender Husband 21
VII. Prologue to The Mistake 30
VIII. Letters (1707–8) 31
IX. The Tatler 42
X. The Spectator 86
XI. Letters (1709–13) 121
XII. The Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough 124

PAGE

XIII. Prologue to The Distressed Mother . . 126
XIV. A Letter to Sir Miles Wharton . . 126
XV. The Guardian 127
XVI. The Englishman 135
XVII. Dedication of The Crisis 143
XVIII. The Lover 148
XIX. The Reader 154
XX. A Letter to a Member of Parliament . 159
XXI. Dedication to Mrs. Steele of the Third Volume of The Ladies' Library . . 162
XXII. Mr. Steele's Apology for Himself and his Writings 164
XXIII. The Theatre 167
XXIV. The Conscious Lovers 167
XXV. Letters to his Wife (1716–7) 174

NOTES 179

INDEX 201

INTRODUCTION.

No full or thoroughly accurate biography of Steele has been published until within the last decade, although much information concerning him was promulgated by eighteenth century gossips and annotators, and his name has been made famous no less by his works than by the essays of three celebrated men of letters, — Johnson, Macaulay, and Thackeray. Johnson and Macaulay wrote of Steele only incidentally, in connection with Addison, but to the extraordinary popularity of the latter's criticism is due the somewhat unfortunate result that current ideas in regard to Steele's character are derived largely from his essay, which, beside being inaccurate in many points of fact, errs in making Steele's whole nature as complete as possible an antithesis to that of Addison. In *Henry Esmond* (1852) and *Lectures on the English Humourists* (1853), Thackeray unwittingly did even more harm to Steele's memory than had Macaulay, for his whole attitude was that of pity for "poor Dick's" supposed foibles and exaggerated weaknesses. A fairer point of view was taken by Forster in an essay first published in the *Quarterly Review* for 1855, and written as a direct contradiction of Macaulay's characterization. The most notable addition to our knowledge about Steele has been made by Mr. G. A. Aitkin, whose *Life of Sir Richard Steele* (2 volumes, 1889) is a treasury of well-indexed information in regard to even the minutest facts concern-

ing him. Less detailed, but clearer in its general outlines, is the brilliant biography (1886) by Mr. Austin Dobson, whose accurate knowledge of the whole period is surpassed only by the compactness and skill of his presentation. Both Mr. Aitkin and Mr. Dobson have also written shorter biographical sketches, — the former as an introduction to his *Selections from the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian* (Oxford, 1885), the latter in an essay prefixed to his *Richard Steele* (Mermaid Series, 1894).

In view of the thoroughness with which the whole biographical field has been covered, the present writer has chosen to make his account of Steele's life as brief as possible. Students wishing a more complete statement of the facts are referred to the larger works mentioned above.

I.

The Main Facts of Steele's Life.

Richard Steele, the son and second child of Richard Steele, an attorney, who had from time to time held various petty government offices, was born in the Parish of St. Bride's, then a fashionable part of Dublin, in March, 1672, in the same year with Addison and Cibber, and five years after Jonathan Swift, his great contemporary and antagonist, saw the light in the same, or perhaps a neighboring, parish. His father's family seems to have been English; his mother's, Irish. Both parents died when Steele was scarcely old enough to remember much about them; but through the kindness of his aunt's husband, Henry Gascoigne, who was in the service of the Duke of Ormond and afterwards became his private

secretary, the young orphan was placed, in 1684, on the foundation at the Charterhouse, as the son of a "decayed gentleman." Five years later he entered Christ Church, Oxford, on a Charterhouse "exhibition." Of his university life we have no details, except that he was made a postmaster (*portionista*) at Merton, and that in his letters to his uncle and aunt, a few of which are extant, he showed himself proud of his scholarship, eager for preferment, and fond of action. This native impulse toward an active life probably had much to do with his leaving Oxford early in 1694, without a degree, but, it is related, with "the love of the whole society," and enlisting as a cadet-trooper, a not uncommon practice of young gentlemen at that time, in the Duke of Ormond's regiment.

Although Steele remained in the army for ten years or more, he probably never saw active or foreign service. Indeed, his literary ability seems to have led to his promotion. In 1695, on the occasion of the burial of Queen Mary, he published an anonymous poem, *The Procession*, dedicated to Lord Cutts, Colonel of the Second Regiment of Foot Guards, an ardent Whig and man of dignified culture, as well as a brave and famous soldier. Shortly after, not improbably on account of the dedication, Lord Cutts took Steele under his patronage, made him a member of his military household, and got him an ensign's commission in his own regiment. Steele continued to live in close connection with Lord Cutts, part of the time as his private secretary, until 1701, when we find him a captain in the Tower Guard, and on friendly terms with the wits and men of letters who frequented Will's Coffee-house. For several years his name steadily became better known. In 1701 *The Christian Hero* appeared, a second edition of which was issued three months later. His first play, *The Funeral*, in its main plot a simple and

earnest bit of remonstrance against the follies of the time, was produced in 1701, and was received with favor, though with keen, if good-natured, criticism. In 1702 Steele was transferred to a new regiment, and put on duty at Landguard Fort, near Harwich, where he managed to have something to do with local politics as well as to keep up his relations with the larger world of London. His second play, *The Lying Lover*, acted in December, 1703, was somewhat too dogmatically moral to be successful; the third, *The Tender Husband*, was produced in April, 1705, but did not win a large share of popular favor, although it undoubtedly added to its author's reputation.

Steele's life at this time must have been a pleasant one. He was on familiar terms with Congreve, Prior, and the gay spirits at Will's Coffee-house, with the Whigs at St. James's, and the members of the famous Kit-Cat Club. In 1705 he married Margaret Stretch, *née* Ford, daughter and surviving heir of a large landowner of Barbados. Of the first Mrs. Steele little is known. She could not have been a young woman, and a spiteful contemporary of Steele's — Mrs. Manley — took occasion to refer to her "elderly charms," and to intimate that Steele's affection for her extended also to her estate, which yielded an income of about eight hundred pounds. It was rumored, probably with truth, that just before his marriage he had squandered a large amount in chemical or alchemistic experiments. It is certain that about this time he was in great want of money, for a letter from Lord Cutts is extant, refusing in a courteous but dignified manner a surprising demand of Steele's for payment for his attendance on him years before. Steele's first wife died late in 1706, and in less than a year he was paying his addresses to Mary Scurlock, a Welsh lady of respect-

able family, who had been present at Mrs. Steele's funeral. Miss Scurlock — Mrs. Scurlock, according to the custom of the time — was something of a coquette, and had already been sued for breach of contract by a pertinacious old Welsh bachelor. She was beautiful, merry, and pious, — although the statement of her age in the marriage license fell some five years short of the truth. Her temper had its ups and downs, and she was said, by her enemies, to have been in after life snobbish and fond of show, but she proved a faithful, though exacting wife, zealous for the welfare of her husband, who loved her devotedly. By the time of his second marriage, in September, 1707, Steele's means had increased. In addition to the somewhat uncertain income from his first wife's estate, he had a salary of one hundred pounds as gentleman waiter to Prince George of Denmark, a post to which he had been appointed in August, 1706, and one of three hundred pounds for writing the *Gazette*. This latter appointment made him a member of the government, a sort of lowest minister of state, and helped, no doubt, his reputation as a man of letters. Thomas Hearne, for instance, noted in his diary for May 14, 1707, that "the writer of the *Gazette* is now Captain Steele, who is author of several romantic things, and is accounted an ingenious man." At first Steele and his wife rented a house in Bury Street, St. James's, near the Palace and the Cockpit, in which latter building were the offices of the secretaries of state and consequently of the Gazetteer also. Steele stood well with the still uncertain ministry of the first part of Queen Anne's reign, and should have been in comfortable circumstances, but his remittances from Barbados came irregularly, and the expenses of living in the public eye were great, particularly as in 1708 he set up a country establishment at Hampton Wick, near Hampton Court,

with all the paraphernalia of a great household in miniature. To the end of his life Steele's finances were in a bad condition, and he seems each year to have met his debts by borrowing anew.

In 1709, following an idea that must have occurred to him in the conduct of the *Gazette*, Steele started the *Tatler*, frankly a money-making enterprise, but one which exerted a great and growing public influence. In 1710 he was appointed one of the commissioners of the stamp office, with a salary of three hundred pounds. In the same year, on the entrance of the Tories into power, he shared the ill fortune of his friends and his party, losing his most important office, the Gazetteship. He threw himself with the more vigor, however, into the *Spectator*, which he began, with Addison's help, in 1711, and which exceeded the *Tatler* in importance and popularity. As the Tories gained still further power Steele became more active in political discussion. In an anonymous pamphlet he eulogized the Duke of Marlborough at the very moment of his dismissal from his high offices; he took a share in the controversy about the creation of new peers, and, after bringing the *Spectator* to a close in 1712, he began the *Guardian* in 1713, again with the help of Addison and others. The new journal, though started with peaceable intentions, soon precipitated him into a quarrel with the Tory *Examiner*, severed forever his friendly relations with Swift, and confirmed him in his political career. In June of the same year he resigned his pension as gentleman waiter to Prince George, that he might not be dependent upon a queen whose chosen ministry he was attacking, and his office as one of the stamp commissioners, that he might legally run for parliament. In July, shortly after the return of the French ambassador to London, much popular excitement was caused by a

petition to the Queen from the inhabitants of Dunkirk, praying that, contrary to the provisions of the recent treaty of Utrecht, its harbor should not be destroyed. Steele protested strongly, in the *Guardian*, against this memorial, which was being widely circulated in England, and insisted that the British nation expected the demolition of Dunkirk. His strong language enraged the Tories, who attacked him, in a pamphlet war, even more vigorously than the Whigs defended him. In October Steele stopped the *Guardian* and began, without the assistance of Addison, the *Englishman*, which was intended to deal almost entirely with matters less amusing than vital to national life. At the beginning of 1714 he also published, with the aid of others, the *Crisis*, a powerful statement of the whole political situation. Parliament met in February. Almost the first business of the Tory majority was to expel Steele from the house, to which he had been elected from Stockbridge, on a charge of writing and publishing seditious matter. He was now in great pecuniary difficulties, and would perhaps have been entirely ruined had not three thousand pounds been put into his hands by unknown friends. In spite of his attempted disgrace he did not cease expressing his political views, in the short-lived *Lover*, the *Reader*, which for its nine numbers was in direct opposition to the *Examiner*, and in several pamphlets. The Queen died August 1, and George I., a few weeks after his arrival in England, made Steele, the valiant defender of the Hanoverian succession, deputy lieutenant or the county of Middlesex, surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton Court, a justice of the peace, and supervisor of Drury Lane Theatre.

From 1714 to 1724 the main facts of Steele's life can be best given under two heads, that of his connection with the theatre and that of his part in public affairs.

Like his predecessor in the office of supervisor of Drury Lane, Steele received at first a pension of seven hundred pounds from the licensed actors, Wilks, Cibber, Doggett, and Booth. This arrangement, however, was soon changed, with their full approval, by Steele's obtaining from the King a patent which made him and the actors colleagues in the management and profits of the theatre, responsible to the King for the conduct of it, but not subject to the authority of the Lord Chamberlain. In 1717, a new Lord Chamberlain requested the managers of the theatre to accept a license under his authority instead of a patent. This they declined to do. Two years later, nevertheless, when Steele was again in political disgrace for opposing certain Whig projects, the government revenged itself by allowing the Lord Chamberlain to forbid Cibber, who had just courteously dedicated his *Ximena* to Steele, to act or take part in the management of the theatre. Appeals to high officials for justice proving useless, Steele brought his cause before the people in an interesting periodical called the *Theatre*, but the patent was revoked, acting at Drury Lane forbidden, and a new license granted, from which Steele was excluded. Not until 1721, when Steele's sound policy in regard to the national finances had again won him the favor of the government, was the Lord Chamberlain forced to issue a warrant ordering the managers of the theatre to account to Steele for his share of the profits, past and future. Steele's fourth play, *The Conscious Lovers*, was produced with great success in November, 1722. At about the same time he was at work on another, *The School of Action*, but it was never completed.

During the first years of the reign of George I., Steele stood high in favor. In 1715 he received five hundred

pounds from the King, was knighted, and elected member of parliament from Boroughbridge. The same year he revived the *Englishman* as a weapon against the Tories, receiving a large sum of money for the services he thus rendered. In 1716 he was appointed, at a salary of a thousand pounds, one of thirteen commissioners instructed to deal with the forfeited estates of certain noblemen and gentlemen, chiefly Scottish, who had taken part in the recent rising for the Pretender, and he visited Scotland three times within the next few years in the service of this commission. By remonstrating, in the *Plebeian* and on the floor of the house, against the bill for limiting the royal prerogative of creating new peers, he lost the goodwill of the government, but regained it in the following year by taking — again with Walpole — the unpopular side in connection with the South Sea Scheme. The bubble burst, Walpole became first lord of the treasury, and Steele returned to favor.

In the latter part of his life Steele, engrossed with public affairs or in the pursuit of his private fortune, wrote little that can be classed as pure literature. Anxious, as he felt himself growing old, to increase his property for the sake of his children, he threw himself for several years, first into the establishment of a sort of large lecture or concert hall, and then into a seemingly sensible, but eventually unsuccessful, scheme, called the Fish Pool, for bringing fish alive to distant markets. The year 1718 saw the death of his wife, whom he had loved tenderly and faithfully. Thereafter he lived only for his children and the public welfare, but almost all he wrote seemed touched with weariness. From 1724 to 1729, for the better arrangement of his still disordered affairs, he spent the greater part of his time in Wales, in or near Carmarthen, where his wife's estates lay. For years he had been

plagued with the gout. In 1723 Vanbrugh wrote: "Happening to meet with Sir Richard Steele t'other day at Mr. Walpole's in town, he seemed to me to be (at least) in the declining way I had heard he was;" in 1725 he had a stroke of paralysis, suffering partial loss of speech. He died at Carmarthen September 1, 1729, at the age of fifty-seven, and was buried there. For some time there was talk of a monument's being raised to him in Westminster Abbey, where his wife lies, but the project was never carried out.

Steele had a natural daughter, known as Miss Ousley, and four children by his second wife, Elizabeth, Richard, Eugene, and Mary. Of these, the two sons died before their father, and Mary soon afterward. Elizabeth became Lady Trevor and had one child, a daughter, who died without issue. Miss Ousley married a Welsh gentleman, Mr. Aynston. Their only child, a daughter, married a Mr. Thomas, and Lord Trevor provided for the education of their two sons. Steele's only descendants, therefore, neither bore his name nor inherited, seemingly, his genius.

II.

Personal Appearance.

A spiteful friend of Steele's, Mrs. Manley, describes him in the *New Atlantis* as a "black beau (stuck up in a pert chariot), thickset, his eyes lost in his head, hanging eyebrows, broad face, and tallow complexion." A more open enemy, John Dennis, thus portrays him in a bitter pamphlet, *The Characters and Conduct of Sir John Edgar, called by himself Sole Monarch of the Stage in Drury Lane:* "Sir John Edgar, of the county ——— in Ireland, is of

a middle stature, broad shoulders, thick legs, a shape like the picture of somebody over a farmer's chimney — a short chin, a short nose, a short forehead, a broad flat face, and a dusky countenance." To these and an accumulation of other personal charges Steele replied good-naturedly in the *Theatre* (No. 11), pretending anger at the insinuations against his beauty, and adding, "I have ordered new editions of his [Steele's] face, after Kneller, Thornhill, and Richardson, to disabuse mankind in this particular. He is painted by the first resolute, by the second thoughtful, and by the third indolent." These three portraits, all dating from about the time of the *Spectator*, are still in existence. That by Kneller, painted for the Kit-Cat Club, represents an energetic, somewhat stout little man, in a brown full-bottomed dress wig, with large, dark eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a large flat face, which wears a bright and cheerful expression, as of one whose good nature and vivacity are unfailing. Richardson's presentment shows the same bright, dark eyes and lively countenance, but has the disadvantage of giving the face so conventional an eighteenth-century look that the portrait might serve almost as well for another. The "edition of his face" by Thornhill, supposed to represent Steele as indolent, in a dressing-gown and a tasselled cap and unwigged, seems at first the homeliest picture in existence, but it brings out, better even than the others, the same square and stubby face and roguish eyes.

Lady Steele, according to Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait of her, was a beautiful woman, slender and tall, with dark hair and delicate features. Her children, of three of whom we have charming miniatures, inherited their mother's fineness of feature, except the youngest, Mary, who resembled her father in countenance as strongly as her sister Elizabeth did in character.

III.

Character.

Several facts have contributed largely to a current misunderstanding of Steele's character that lasted until very recently. His manly position in politics laid him open to serious personal attacks from the pamphleteers of both parties, whose testimony must be received with the greatest caution; his own frankness of speech was allowed to count heavily against him by the world at large, which often charges with grievous sin those who confess themselves guilty of petty faults; the fact that he had written the *Christian Hero* was supposed to be equivalent to his assuming to be better than other men; and his close connection with Addison, whose singularly well-balanced character, successful career, and secretive disposition afforded scarcely a foothold for slander or ill judgment, rendered Steele all the more liable, by contrast, to prejudice and blame.

Of the charges preferred against Steele's character by his contemporaries two examples will be sufficient. The first is from Swift's pamphlet, *The Importance of the Guardian Considered* (1713); the second is an entry in Hearne's diary for March 23, 1714. Swift says: "He hath no invention, nor is master of a tolerable style; his chief talent is humour, which he sometimes discovers both in writing and discourse; for after the first bottle he is no disagreeable companion. I never knew him taxed with ill-nature, which hath made me wonder how ingratitude came to be his prevailing vice; and I am apt to think it proceeds more from some unaccountable sort of instinct than premeditation. Being the most imprudent man alive, he never follows the advice of his friends,

but is wholly at the mercy of fools or knaves, or hurried away by his own caprice; by which he hath committed more absurdities in economy, friendship, love, duty, good manners, politics, religion, and writing, than ever fell to one man's share." Hearne records: "Richard Steele, Esq., Member of Parliament, was on Thursday last, about 12 o'clock at night, expelled the House of Commons for a roguish pamphlet, called the *Crisis*, and for several other pamphlets in which he hath abused the Queen, etc. This Steele was formerly of Christ Church, in Oxford, and afterwards of Merton College. He was a rakish, wild, drunken spark; but he got a good reputation by publishing a paper that came out daily called the *Tatler*, and by another called the *Spectator;* but the most ingenious of these papers were written by Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift, as 't is reported. . . . He now writes for bread, being involved in debt." There are several passages of this temper in other writings, which it is not necessary here to quote. In substance, then, on the testimony of Steele's political opponents or enemies, or from chance records evidently based on such prejudiced testimony, we discover that rumor had, in Steele's own day, charged him from time to time with being incontinent, drunken, spendthrift, and ungrateful.

Such sporadic statements, never widely accepted, gain a certain sort of credibility from Steele's own testimony. In his *Apology* (1714), written to defend himself against the political charges on which he had been expelled from the House of Commons, he says: "He [Steele] first became an author when an ensign of the Guards, a way of life exposed to much irregularity; and being thoroughly convinced of many things, of which he often repented, and which he more often repeated, he writ, for his own private use, a little book called the *Christian Hero*, with a design

principally to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures. This secret admonition was too weak; he therefore printed the book with his name, in hopes that a standing testimony against himself, and the eyes of the world (that is to say, of his acquaintance) upon him in a new light, might curb his desires, and make him ashamed of understanding and seeming to feel what was virtuous, and living so quite contrary a life." Further than this, which seems rather to indicate a sensitive conscience than any depth of depravity, the almost constant suits brought against Steele for debt must have been notorious, and in his letters to his wife we have his own authority for the fact that on several occasions he had taken too much wine.

Unfavorable comments, of the sort we have indicated, on Steele's character and conduct, swelled by the gossip of the Johnsonian age, were taken up by Macaulay and Thackeray, the brilliancy of whose pictures of Steele has won them a ready and wide acceptance. Macaulay, carried away by an opportunity for clever antithesis, represents him as Addison's inferior not only intellectually but in morals and manners. "Steele had," he says, "left college without taking a degree, had been disinherited by a rich relation, had led a vagrant life, had served in the army, had tried to find the philosopher's stone, and had written a religious treatise and several comedies. He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation he was a man of piety and honor; in practice he was much of the rake and a little of the swindler. He was, however,

so good-natured that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him when he diced himself into a spunging-house, or drank himself into a fever. Addison regarded Steele with kindness not unmingled with scorn, tried, with little success, to keep him out of scrapes, introduced him to the great, procured a good place for him, corrected his plays, and, though by no means rich, lent him large sums of money."

Thackeray, less keen for an antithesis, but prompt with pity for all erring mortals, covers Steele with a mantle of tender charity that calls attention to rather than extenuates his faults. So justly famous is Thackeray's description of the character of "Dick," as he takes the liberty of calling him, that we must quote here, for purposes of comparison, the most striking passage from the lecture on Steele in his *English Humourists:* —

"I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging-block. . . .

"Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory engagements with the neighboring lollipop-vendors and piemen — exhibited an early capacity and fondness for drinking mum and sack, and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend. I have no sort of authority for the statements here made of Steele's early life; but if the child is father of the man, the father of young Steele of Merton, who left Oxford without taking a degree and entered the Life Guards — the father of Cap-

tain Steele, of Lucas's Fusiliers, who got his company through the patronage of my Lord Cutts — the father of Mr. Steele, the Commissioner of Stamps, the editor of the *Gazette*, the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the expelled member of Parliament, and the author of the *Tender Husband* and the *Conscious Lovers;* if man and boy resemble each other, Dick Steele the schoolboy must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb *Tupto*, I beat, *Tuptomai*, I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain. . . .

"As for Dick, whilst writing this ardent, devotional work, he was deep in debt, in drink, and in all the follies of the town; it is related that all the officers of Lucas's, and the gentlemen of the Guards, laughed at Dick. And in truth a theologian in liquor is not a respectable object, and a hermit, though he may be out at elbows, must not be in debt to the tailor. Steele says of himself that he was always sinning and repenting. He beat his breast and cried most piteously when he *did* repent; but as soon as crying had made him thirsty he fell to sinning again. In that charming paper in the *Tatler*, in which he records his father's death, his mother's grief, his own most solemn and tender emotions, he says he is interrupted by the arrival of a hamper of wine, 'the same as is to be sold at Garraway's next week'; upon the receipt of which he sends for three friends, and they fall to instantly, 'drinking two bottles apiece with great benefit to themselves, and not separating until two o'clock in the morning.'

"His life was so. Jack, the drawer, was always interrupting it, bringing him a bottle from the 'Rose,' or inviting him over to a bout there with Sir Plume and Mr. Diver; and Dick wiped his eyes, which were whimpering over his papers, took down his laced hat, put on his sword and wig, kissed his wife and children, told them a lie about pressing business, and went off to the 'Rose' to the jolly fellows.

"While Mr. Addison was abroad, and after he came home in rather a dismal way to wait upon Providence in his shabby lodging in the Haymarket, young Captain Steele was cutting a

much smarter figure than that of his classical friend of Charterhouse Cloister and Maudlin Walk. Could not some painter give an interview between the gallant captain of Lucas's, with his hat cocked, and his lace, and his face, too, a trifle tarnished with drink, and that poet, that philosopher, pale, proud, and poor, his friend and monitor of school-days, of all days? How Dick must have bragged about his chances and his hopes, and the fine company he kept, and the charms of the reigning toasts and popular actresses, and the number of bottles that he and my lord and some other pretty fellows had cracked over night at the 'Devil,' or the 'Garter'! Cannot one fancy Joseph Addison's calm smile and cold gray eyes following Dick for an instant as he struts down the Mall to dine with the Guard at St. James's, before he turns with his sober face and threadbare suit to walk back to his lodgings up the two pair of stairs?"

We may, however, well ask ourselves what real authority, other than a brilliant imagination, Macaulay and Thackeray have for their statements, and what more favorable estimate of Steele's character we can justly hold.

The charge against Steele of ingratitude toward his friends was brought forward by Mrs. Manley, by Swift, and by some of Addison's friends. The two latter cases we shall discuss later when we consider Steele's relations with Swift and Addison. Mrs. Manley afterwards gracefully withdrew her complaints, which came, as she acknowledged, from pique. As for the charges of vicious conduct, Macaulay's statement that he was much of a rake, that he diced himself into a spunging-house and drank himself into a fever, and Thackeray's extravagancies on the same theme may be at once set aside as false. We have no record that supplies a basis for such astounding condemnations. Steele's early years in the army were, as he expressly acknowledged, marked by irregular conduct, and it is well known that he had a natural daughter, but from the time of his second marriage there

was no word of reproach against him for infidelity to his wife, and we have every reason to suppose that he was faithful to her. It is to be admitted, also, that Steele, by his own temperament and by the custom of the time and the country, was fond of wine, and drank it sometimes too freely. In his letters to his wife he several times speaks of such occurrences, and later in life, in obedience to her request, became more abstemious, if we interpret aright allusions in his letters. But Addison, by Swift's testimony, was at times no better off, nor Swift himself. Steele's practice in such matters went scarcely farther than that of many of his honored contemporaries. In this respect, indeed, as in many other respects, the England of Queen Anne must have been greatly like the Germany of yesterday and to-day, where an occasional over-indulgence in beer is not precisely regarded as a heinous crime. How over-emphatic would be a characterization of Steele that made him out a drunkard may be gathered from the following anecdote told of him by Bishop Hoadly, and related in the words of the Bishop's son. It indicates unconsciously the whole situation, and marks the comparative unimportance with which even a bishop of the church regarded a weakness such as that of Steele's. "My father," says Dr. John Hoadly, "when Bishop of Bangor, was, by invitation, present at one of the Whig meetings held at the Trumpet in Shoe Lane, where Sir Richard, in his zeal, rather exposed himself, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrate the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th of November, as to drink his friend Addison up to the conversation-pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened. John Sly, the hatter, of facetious memory, was in the

house ; and, when pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand, to drink off to the *immortal memory*, and to retire in the same manner. Steele, sitting next my father, whispered him, *Do laugh ; it is humanity to laugh.* Sir Richard in the evening, being too much in the same condition, was put into a chair and sent home. Nothing would serve him but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him up stairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them down stairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed. The next morning he was much ashamed, and sent the Bishop the distich printed above." [1]

That there was nothing of the rake and very little of the drunkard in Steele is fairly evident. That, on the other hand, he was an habitual spendthrift is not to be denied. The story that the not particularly veracious Savage, who had a reason for not admiring Steele, told Johnson about him, must be taken with caution. We can scarcely conceive of Steele and Phillips taking to their heels in quite such ignominious fear of a bailiff, or Steele's dragging off Savage to an obscure inn, where, penniless, but out of reach of duns and suits, he dictated to him a pamphlet that more than paid for their meagre dinner. Whether these uncorroborated tales of a doubtful character be accepted or not, however, there is an abundance of testimony to show that, from his early days on, Steele was constantly in need of money, continually borrowing, and regularly sued for debt. But in Steele's favor it may be said that, though his over-generosity was his fault and his extravagance his weakness, the irregu-

[1] " Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

larity of his income from the government and from private sources was a misfortune not easy to be rid of. To dine with lords and sup with wits, to have a post at court and a close connection with the stage, to be responsible for the official news of the *Gazette* and the kindly gossip of the *Tatler*, to live in a fashion worthy of the honors he had already received, and in a position for obtaining further advancement, were burdens that played havoc with greater sums of money than such as came intermittently into Steele's shallow pocket. Nor, after all, was any one much the worse for lending to him. His debts were paid before his death, his credit does not seem at any time to have been destroyed, and there was rarely a lack of friendly feeling between him and his creditors.

We have, moreover, evidence of a high order in Steele's favor in the whole tone of his periodical writings — the simple good sense and gentle remonstrance of the *Tatler*, the dignified whimsicality of the *Spectator*, the sturdy and earnest, if less graceful, virtues of the later publications. The wit may sometimes have been forced, but, from first to last, the manner and the matter are those of a kind and honest gentleman. In an age of ribaldry and obscenity, he habitually shows a respect for God and man and woman in his plays, his poems, and his tales. In an age when the license of the pamphleteer was without limit, when the school of Swift was at its height, there is little or nothing to reproach in Steele's attacks on others or his defence of himself. Even when Addison forgot his native courtesy, and admitted an ungracious personal allusion to his old friend into a political article, Steele was gentle enough, as well as wise enough, to retort merely by an apt and dignified quotation from *Cato*.

Stronger even than the presumption raised in Steele's favor by the tone of his periodical and miscellaneous

writing is the argument in favor of his gentle and noble character that we draw from his private letters, of which we have some five hundred, and which, taken altogether, form one of the most interesting and enlightening collections of documents belonging to the eighteenth century. Sometimes important communications, preserved in several drafts, but usually hasty notes and familiar messages of the sort that each one of us writes every day, this series of letters furnishes almost incontestable proof of his fine qualities of heart and mind. About two-thirds of the whole number are addressed to his wife, and it is impossible to read them without being deeply impressed by the frankness, the kindness, and the unalterable constancy of spirit which marked Steele's relations with his family. Indeed, one finds the only adequate expression of his character in a famous phrase of his own. He observed of Lady Elizabeth Hastings that "to love her is a liberal education." To be Steele's friend, to be loved and honored by him, must have been the source of such happiness and human sympathy as to be rightly called a liberal education. Had Swift only gathered from his early friendship with Steele a little sweetness, had Pope gained from him a little manliness, and Addison himself more warmth of affection, the literature of the age would have shone the brighter.

We may see Steele as his friends saw him if we will ponder a little on three contemporary accounts of him. Berkeley, a singularly lovable and unprejudiced person, thus records, in his correspondence with Sir John Perceval, his impressions on first meeting Steele: —

"The first news I had upon my coming to town was that Mr. Steele did me the honour to desire to be acquainted with me; upon which I have been to see him; he is confined with the gout, and is, as I am informed, writing a play, since he

gave over the *Spectators*. This gentleman is extremely civil and obliging, and I propose no small satisfaction in the conversation of him and his ingenious friends, which, as an encouragement, he tells me are to be met with at his house.

"The value you have always shown for the *Spectators* makes me think it neither impertinent nor unwelcome news to tell you that by his mother-in-law's death he is come into an estate of 500 *l.* a year; the same day his wife was brought to bed of a son. Before she lay down the poor man told me he was in great pain and put to a thousand little shifts to conceal her mother's desperate illness from her. The tender concern he showed on that occasion and what I have observed in another good friend of mine makes me imagine the best men are always the best husbands. I told Mr. Steele if he neglects to resume his writings the world will look on it as the effect of his growing rich; but he says this addition to his fortune will rather encourage him to exert himself more than ever; and I am the apter to believe him because there appears in his natural temper something very generous and a great benevolence to mankind. One instance of it is his kind and friendly behaviour to me (even though he has heard I am a Tory). I have dined frequently in his house in Bloomsbury Square, which is handsome and neatly furnished. His table, servants, coach, and everything is very genteel, and in appearance above his fortune before this new acquisition. His conversation is very cheerful, and abounds with wit and good sense. Somebody (I know not who) has given him my treatise of the Principles of Human Knowledge, and that was the ground of his inclination to my acquaintance. For my part, I should reckon it a sufficient recompense of my pains in writing it that it gave me some share in the friendship of so worthy a man."

Two years later, when Steele, recently knighted, was at the height of his fortunes, he gave a grand entertainment in his Censorium, a large lecture and concert hall, to a large party of invited guests. On this occasion, Wilks, the actor, spoke the verses we give below. They are

attributed to Addison, and, whether they are his or not, they give evidence of Steele's consummate good humor and the general affection borne him. One less heartily and widely beloved would scarcely have been chosen, when a host, for such open raillery.

"The Sage whose guest you are to-night, is known
To watch the public weal, though not his own:
Still have his thoughts uncommon schemes pursued,
And teemed with projects for his country's good.
Early in youth his enemies have shewn,
How narrowly he missed the Chemic Stone:
Not Friar Bacon promised England more;
Our artist, lavish of his fancied ore,
Could he have brought his great design to pass,
Had walled us round with gold instead of brass.
That project sunk, you saw him entertain
A notion more chimerical and vain,
To give chaste morals to ungoverned youth,
To gamesters honesty, to statesmen truth;
To make you virtuous all; a thought more bold
Than that of changing dross and lead to gold.
But now to greater actions he aspired,
For still his country's good our champion fired;
In treaties versed, in politics grown wise,
He looked on Dunkirk with suspicious eyes;
Into her dark foundations boldly dug,
And overthrew in fight the famed Sieur Tugghe.
Still on his wide unwearied view entends,
Which I may tell since none are here but friends.
In a few months he is not without hope,
But 't is a secret, to convert the Pope.
Of this, however, he'll inform you better
Soon as his Holiness receives his letter.
Meantime he celebrates, for 't is his way,
With something singular this happy day;
His honest zeal ambitious to approve
For the Great Monarch he was born to love;
Resolved in arms and arts to do him right,
And serve his sovereign like a trusty knight."

In sickness Steele was no less lovable than when in full vigor. "Sir Richard Steele," according to Dr. Young, in Spence's *Anecdotes*, "was the best-natured creature in the world. Even in his worst state of health he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased." And almost the last glimpse that we get of him, from a letter of Victor's, shows that his kindly charm of temper remained even when the power of his intellect and his natural force were abated. "I was told," Victor writes, that "he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last, and would often be carried out on a summer's evening where the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and, with his pencil, give an order on his agent, the mercer, for a new gown to the best dancer."

To be born in Dublin, of common stock, as were Steele and Swift, and yet to rise in not many years to wield an important influence in politics and literature, is no small tribute to a man's ambition and perseverance. More credit in this is perhaps due to Steele than to Swift. Not only was his natural genius less great, and his means in youth as slight, but his education was, after all, a mere smattering. He became, nevertheless, a successful author and politician, and won knighthood by his courage and his pen; he originated a new literary *genre* — a form of composition that had a wide influence on the continent as well as in Great Britain, and went far towards expressing the period in England in its most perfect shape. This splendid success he won rather through his character, the attractive individuality that shone through his writings, than by any extraordinary qualities that appear in his work. And so it is to his character that Steele's strongest hold on later ages is perhaps due. All the writers of that day have lost in ours much of their

influence. The period was not one of propagation, not one that built up new and great ideas, but one of adaptation, one that lessened what was foolish, demolished what was useless and sinful in the legacies of the past. The work of the age was a premature and comparatively unsuccessful attempt to arrange the world of facts and principles in a way just and intelligible to all. What the age of Queen Anne did on the basis of instinct our century has had to re-form and remodel on the basis of wider and deeper knowledge. But all our striving has tended rather to discourage the expression in literature of such individuality, such humanity as that of Steele. Human, humanity, is the keynote of his work and his influence. His work was done for the effect of the moment, and it has not, as a whole, outlived the moment. But Steele has a stronger title to our affection and honor. Lady Mary Wortley Montague remarked on his likeness to her cousin, Henry Fielding. She was right in this, for Fielding was broadly and finely human, and it is to his broad and finely human character that Steele owes his influence, his charm, and his fame.

IV.

Relations with Addison, Pope, and Swift.

In Steele's time there could scarcely have been a man of note in letters, arts, or politics, whom, in some one of his various functions, he could not have known. With the contributors to the various journals of which he was the moving spirit, the more famous frequenters of the favorite coffee-houses, his fellow-members of the Kit-Cat

Club, the chief actors and wits, the politicians and soldiers, he must have had means of intimate communication. To take up in detail Steele's relations with the men of his age would, therefore, almost amount to treating the literature and history of the period. A knowledge of his connections with the three greatest of his contemporaries, however, Addison, Pope, and Swift, is necessary to an understanding of Steele's life and work.

For a detailed account of the life and character of Addison the reader is referred to a companion volume of this series. Born in the same year as Steele, Addison was destined to be closely associated with him through life. He was for two years at Charterhouse with him, and he was at Oxford, though not in Steele's college, during the whole time that his friend was in residence there. There are no letters extant that passed between the two men in their school and college days, or later, and we are left entirely in the dark as to the degree of their intimacy, but it is evident from references in Steele's later writings that a firm friendship between them was begun early in life. It is certain, moreover, that the first work that Steele ever published over his own name was a retort in verse (1700) on Sir Richard Blackmore, who had alluded to "poor" Addison in his *Satire against Wit;* and the *Tender Husband* (1705) was dedicated, with a reference to their daily and familiar conversation, to Addison, who wrote the prologue and assisted in the composition of the play. In 1706 they both received their first political offices, and from that time on they were for many years closely associated with the same political party. From 1707 we hear frequently of them together through Swift's *Journal to Stella;* for a time after the death of the first Mrs. Steele the two friends evidently lived together; and even after Steele's second marriage the intimacy con-

tinued, seemingly undiminished, with the approbation of Mrs. Steele. The subsequent association with the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, which coupled them forever in literary history, will be analyzed more closely elsewhere. It is sufficient here to notice that the changes of the years that followed told slowly but surely on the friendship between the two men. Pope said that "Addison used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party man." In 1713, at the cessation of the *Guardian*, Hughes proposed to Addison that they should start by their joint efforts a paper less political in its tendencies. Steele's *Englishman*, said Hughes, is "written with great boldness and spirit, and shows that his thoughts are at present entirely on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party matters." Addison declined to assist Hughes, but added, "I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself; but he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him, in this particular, will have no weight with him." A year later, when the political tumult was at its highest, and there was most need of sound ideas and plain speaking, Addison calmly laid down the doctrine, in his continuation of the *Spectator*, that it was a juncture in which good humour and benevolence were the highest virtues. It was the inevitable conflict between the shy, gentle, and complacent spirit, who would have peace at any cost, and the more turbulent man of action, who spared no effort to bring the truth actually to pass. Two years later, in 1716, the tables seemed for an instant turned, when Addison established a new and essentially political periodical, the *Freeholder*, and Steele

was publishing a more purely entertaining paper, *Town-Talk*, "particularly designed to be helpful to the stage," but it was none the less evident that the two friends were drifting apart. Addison married the Countess of Warwick in 1716, and we have no reason to suppose that Steele was a frequent visitor at Holland House; in 1717 Steele wrote his wife that he did not "ask anything of Mr. Secretary Addison." Unluckily, in 1719, only a few months before Addison died, the Peerage Bill came up for discussion, and the two former allies took different sides. Addison was with the government; Steele, for what he thought right, though against his party. The latter maintained his opinions in the *Plebeian*, the former in the *Old Whig*. In this short controversy, which Johnson styled *bellum plusquam civile*, Addison gave vent to several unfortunately personal allusions. Steele was less irascible, though his own statements show lack of good judgment. But to have even the apparent enmity which public opposition implies must have cut them both to the quick. Even after Addison's sudden death (June 17, 1719) Steele's resentment was again excited by a proposition of Tickell's to publish Addison's contributions to the *Tatler* separately from those of Steele, thereby encroaching upon his rights of property, and he wrote to Tonson (July 19, 1719) an angry letter, which ended with the words, "Mr. Addison is the last man who shall be patiently suffered in doing unreasonable things (that he has you must know) to, Sir, your most humble servant, Richard Steele." It was not long, however, before Steele's better nature showed itself, and he took occasion, in a number of the *Theatre* and in his preface to the *Drummer*, to speak of his old friend in terms of the most touching and affectionate admiration. The tribute he paid him dead, he had many times paid him living. Addison, on

the other hand, is not known to have ever publicly referred to such affection as he may have had for Steele, unless it may have been in the lines: —

> "Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
> Has made my cup run o'er,
> And in a kind and faithful friend
> Has doubled all my store."

A story accepted by Macaulay was current in Johnson's time, that Addison had once lent Steele a thousand pounds — or, according to Johnson's account, a hundred pounds — on the house at Hampton Wick and its furniture, and that Addison, impatient at not being paid at the end of the period agreed on, put in an execution, had the house and furniture sold, and the amount over and above the bond sent to Steele, with a courteous letter, "stating the friendly reason of this extraordinary proceeding, *viz.*, to awake him, if possible, from a lethargy that must end in his inevitable ruin." "Steele," says Victor, whose words we have just quoted, "told me it was literally true, that he received it as he believed it was meant by his friend, to do him service." No other traces of such a transaction, however, have been preserved. Steele says expressly in a letter to his wife, dated August 20, 1708, that he has "paid Mr. Addison his whole thousand pounds," although in an undated letter of some years later he promises her that she shall "have Addison's money to-morrow," perhaps referring to a further loan. The story has been frequently used as a reproach against Steele, but, if it be true, it scarcely reflects credit upon his friend's character, and gives us a glimpse of the side of his nature which Pope satirized.

Macaulay's unresisted temptation to contrast Steele and Addison has its roots in human nature. Look where we

will, in ancient days or modern, in our own experience or in that of others, we shall hardly fail to find our Steeles and our Addisons. The inevitable but diverse products of the artificial life of the city, the club, and the university, the two types are not of unfrequent occurrence to-day. The Addison, the critic, full of dignity and cold grace, is marked from his school-days up, among his fellows, as an object of admiration; he is a respected friend of the great, a patron of the small, an honored companion of all. Clever, though restrained in speech, discreet in action, shy, not rashly ambitious, shining in select company, he leads a life happily adjusted between that of the scholar and that of the man of the world. The other type is less valued as a critic, and more as a friend. Kind to all, free to all and with all, normal in intellect but ardent in sympathy, eager, imaginative, susceptible, frank to the extreme, with a whole handful of human weaknesses — such are the men who for a lifetime wear their hearts upon their sleeves, winning, it would seem, only jeers or pity for their devotion, but who rarely leave a place or the world without taking, as Steele did in his departure from Oxford, "the love of the whole society."

With Pope Steele had at no time intimate relations. Steele was the elder by years of reputation and experience when Pope, then only twenty-three, made his acquaintance through Caryll. All that passed between them in subsequent years, were somewhat conventional letters, of praise or suggestion on the part of Steele, of modest acquiescence on the part of Pope. The latter, however, on at least one occasion, rather took advantage of Steele's good nature by getting him to publish an anonymous letter, really Pope's own, which praised Pope's pastorals at the expense of Philips's, and led to a well-known literary quarrel. In the more famous warfare

waged with Addison in regard to the translations of the *Iliad*, Steele had no part, and the letters ostensibly addressed to him in Pope's correspondence are artificial later concoctions from letters really sent to Caryll.

Little as Pope and Steele knew each other, however, there were strong resemblances between their work. What each wrote was full of the "common sense" of the time. Pope polished and refined the aphorisms of the day, based now upon the sound experience of mankind, now upon the superficial dicta of a premature philosophy, until many of his couplets have remained to the present time stamped with the die of common quotation and seemingly as incontrovertible as the axioms of mathematics. Steele, too, expressed as a rule the best current feeling of the time, not only as a simple spectator, but as a participant, an indiscreet tatler, a trusty guardian, a fellow-Englishman, sometimes following, sometimes leading public opinion, but always sharing the best of it. Pope, again, as Mr. Stephen justly says, "aims at giving us the refined and doubly distilled essence of the conversation of the statesmen and courtiers of his time. The standard of good writing always implicitly present to his mind is the fitness of his poetry to pass muster when shown by Gay to his duchess, or read after dinner to a party composed of Swift, Bolingbroke, and Congreve. That imaginary audience is always looking over his shoulder, applauding a good hit, chuckling over allusions to the last bit of scandal, and ridiculing any extravagance tending to romance or sentimentalism." Steele, too, was distinctly a writer of the town, but it was for the whole that he wrote, not for the few, for the people, not for the wits. Though his work decrease in value or lose permanent audience, it was, therefore, work in the right direction, on a sound and noble basis.

No two things could well be less alike than Pope's satire and that of Steele. Pope, Swift's best pupil, made himself a master in a form of literature in which permanence of fame is granted to but few. At this distance we can admire his work and recognize the immortality of some of it. In comparison with its enormous force all that Steele did of the sort is trifling. What is a thrust or two in exasperation, a rough blow in defence, to the fine premeditated murder of the twenty small lines that blurred the shining record of Addison's life? But, after all, how cold and hard Pope's kindliest satire is, and how little human it seems when set side by side with the sympathy that Steele lavished on the worthiest of his generation.

Steele's acquaintance with Swift probably goes back to 1705, and the coffee-houses where the mad parson used to stride up and down, opening his mouth only for abrupt and astonishing remarks. During the summer of 1708 he was certainly in constant intercourse with both Steele and Addison. He gave good advice to the impetuous Steele about the conduct of the *Gazette*, was, through the famous Partridge joke, a sort of godfather to the *Tatler*, and gave the venture aid which Steele publicly acknowledged in the preface to the first volume of the collected edition. By 1710, when Swift's political sympathies had changed and he was already author of the Tory *Examiner*, the friendship cooled somewhat. On November 3, Swift wrote in his journal: "We have had scurvy *Tatlers* of late, so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints. I design to send one, and never any more: he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably, as bad as [Marlborough]. I never saw her since I came, nor has he ever made me an invitation." On December 15 he notes: "Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to

save Steele his other employment [that of stamp commissioner], and have a little mercy on him; and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favorite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it if he would be reconciled to Steele, etc. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell, but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of pure spite, being grated to the soul to think that he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva; and I will do it if I can; it is poor Pastoral Philips."

What obligation Steele should be under towards Swift in regard to his retaining the office just mentioned came up again in the quarrel between the two politicians in 1713. It began with Steele's assuming the cause of a young gentlewoman who had been spoken lightly of, for party purposes, in the *Examiner*, of which Steele supposed Swift still to be the author. Several private letters passed between them, in addition to the articles in the *Guardian* and the *Examiner*, Swift accusing Steele of ingratitude and Steele Swift of duplicity. It seems plain now that both were in the wrong. Swift was no longer in charge of the *Examiner*, and it is evident that Steele had an understanding with Harley without Swift's aid.

This skirmish only preceded a bitter attack by Swift on Steele a few months later, occasioned by the fierce political dispute which occupied the last year of Queen Anne's reign. In this warfare Swift and his party had the best of it, for the Tories expelled Steele from the House and

Swift scathed him unmercifully, not only in pamphlet after pamphlet, but in such stinging lines as these, on the *Crisis*:—

> "Thou pompously wilt let us know
> What all the world knew long ago. .
> Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
> May bring in jeopardy thy bacon.
> For madmen, children, wits, and fools
> Should never meddle with edged tools."

Steele's quiet retort in his defence of himself before the House of Commons was, however, not unworthy of him and his antagonist. Quoting, in reply to a charge that he had written disrespectfully on the church, a criticism of Swift's *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, ending with the words, "the man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to heaven with a very good mien," he added, "the gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift; this kind of man I thought him at the time. We have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this character still." A reconciliation never took place, and in 1730, the year after Steele's death, Swift, in the savage exasperation of his later years, gave vent to the bitterest lines of all:

> "Thus Steele, who owned what others writ,
> And flourished by imputed wit,
> From perils of a hundred gaols,
> Withdrew to starve and die in Wales."

The contrast between Swift and Steele is striking. Both were born in Ireland, in circumstances unfavorable to great ambitions, of English families, which, by an odd coincidence, were both under the protection of the Duke of Ormond; both men became, after a devious course, the cherished instruments of different parties, which warmly espoused them in time of need, but ungraciously

rewarded services of the first order with recompenses of a much lower grade. And, to complete the tragedy, both died in retirement, broken in body and mind. Of the two Swift was incomparably the greater man: but his genius was abnormal to such a degree that he dared to conceive of his generation and of the whole human race, not only as insignificant creatures, but as the vilest beasts of the earth. Steele, on the contrary, though recognizing the trivial and irrational in man, was still not outside the bonds of natural human feeling. He lived and wrote as a man among men, discouraging their vices and his own, sustaining their virtue and his, and always inculcating noble and beautiful ideals of thought and action, however short he fell of attaining them in his own life. The contrast between them showed most plainly as age and infirmity bore heavily on them both. The ravings of Swift's madness clash strangely with the cheerfulness of Steele's declining years. Which vision of life is truest there is none to tell us, but whether our race be that of Yahoos or not, he would indeed be beyond the reach of ordinary human feeling who would habitually think us to be so vile or wish us to be so. We accept more gladly, therefore, Steele's picture of his contemporaries than that of Swift, even where the contrast is strongest — Steele's lovely and wholesome ideal of feminine grace and beauty, with the acknowledged imperfections of her sex and her time, rather than Swift's disgusting portrait of the much bedecked but unclean beauty of the period.

To Steele's other great contemporary, Defoe, there is not, we believe, a single personal reference in all his works. It is almost inconceivably strange that a genius so productive, one of whose books at least was destined to be familiar throughout two continents, should have been all but utterly unknown to the best writers of his

time. But Defoe was outside the literary circle; he had not even a foothold in the gay and gallant society of Queen Anne's court and city. Who of our own time, it makes us wonder, will be best known in arts or letters a century to come, — one now courted and fêted, to whom publishers are deferential and whose place in the literary hierarchy of the moment is secure, or one unknown to the papers and the clubs and the universities, but whom chance or his own acuteness has marked out as the leader of a new movement or the culmination of a line of progress which only a generation later than ours can trace?

V.

The Growth of the Reading Public.

The eighteenth century was a period of great progress in every department of organized society. Literature, never exempt from the conditions which society imposes upon it, took on new forms and adopted new methods. When Steele began to write, his ambition naturally led him to the stage, where the great successes had been made and the great gains won. The reaction at the Restoration against puritanical rule, the lively interest of the King and the court, no less than the intrinsic attractions of scenery and costumes and the introduction of actresses, had given the theatre an extraordinary vogue among the compact little group that composed the public of the day. With zeal for writing plays began again a process that had been for some time interrupted in England, the growth of a class of professional men of letters. To the irregular and casual, though frequently

large, income derived from plays was soon added, as the strife of politics grew hotter, an income from party sources. Partly from a real delight in letters, partly in return for services which writers had rendered or would render, or from a desire to silence public opposition on their part, the government, especially through the whole reign of Queen Anne, and as late as 1721, took in hand promising or successful authors, gave them pensions, and put them into posts of honor or emolument. M. Beljame, who, in an interesting volume entitled *Le public et les hommes de lettres en Angleterre au dix-huitième siècle*, has made an elaborate study of the subject we are now treating, gives a list of the offices held by authors of the time, in which no well-known name of the period is wanting. Admitted to intimacy with the rich and the great, entering society not wholly under patronage, but on fairly equal terms, with high places in the government service open to them, capable authors were no longer in danger of falling into penury or sinking to the level of the mere workman. It was to this fortunate condition of matters in Steele's time that M. Beljame would attribute Steele's success, or rather his opportunity. It seems more reasonable, however, to regard the period as one, not in which the men of letters were subsidized by the government, but as one in which the term politician included individuals who would now fall under the head of men of letters. The fact is that Steele, Addison, and Swift were, during many years of their lives at least, interested more in the service of the state and the people, as Cicero and Demosthenes had been, than in pure literature.

In the early eighteenth century, certainly, nothing is more remarkable than the ease with which what we now consider technical or professional knowledge was supposed

to be gained. Then there were no experts. All learning and science were currently thought to be in the grasp of the most superficial scholar. Steele wrote, and with success, on questions of public finance, Addison on numismatics, Swift on economics and linguistics, Pope on philosophy. Knowledge was almost supposed to be innate. It was a tradition which survives in England and America even at the present day, especially in regard to questions of the history and philosophy of religion, on which all kinds of men and women, from Mr. Gladstone to Colonel Ingersoll, have thought themselves competent to write without special investigation. Of what requirements the man of letters had need, in the conception of Steele and Addison, we have proof positive. A correspondent asks in the *Spectator* (No. 314) what are the chief qualifications of a "good poet, especially of one who writes plays," and the succinct answer is, "To be a very well-bred man." How far the extreme specialization of the man of letters in our time has been an advantage this is scarcely the place to discuss, though it would be interesting to compare the relations of the author with the public in the age of Queen Anne with those now existing in the United States, where the extraordinary popularity of the periodical press and the tendency of men of letters to mass themselves in the vicinity of large publishing houses have wrought distinct changes in the economics of modern literature.

The conditions of to-day have been of slow growth. The man of letters was not in any sense independent, not free from patronage, whether public or private, until after Steele's death. Steele, however, did much to prepare the way for such a development. The influence of the periodicals he founded was enormous. The extent of their circulation, the classes which they reached, their

effect on literary taste and on popular morals, we shall discuss later. Here it is important only to emphasize the fact that through his agency, for the first time in English literature, authors began to receive a regular and handsome income, through widely-circulated printed literature, from the public at large. The general public on the other hand, unaccustomed to buy books or reading matter with frequency, and still in the habit of receiving literature by the ear instead of by the eye, rather intermittently than regularly, learned for the first time what it was to have a means of steady pleasure and profit through reading. Communication was established between the writer and the reader, and each succeeding generation saw the system of communication more thoroughly organized.

VI.

Steele's Poems, his Political and Ethical Writings, his Letters, and his Plays.

Steele's poetical performance was exceedingly small and mediocre. Yet what verse he wrote was regarded at the time as respectable; Pope had not yet perfected the couplet, and capable rhymes passed for poems. As a lover and critic of poetry, however, Steele had an influence upon his time. He took a warm interest in the best contemporary verse, and his criticism of Shakspere, Spenser, and Milton corresponded to the best sentiments of his time and contributed to the broadening of the public taste.

The necessary information in regard to Steele's political writings will be given in the notes that accompany the selections. Steele was a stanch Whig, and played at

times an important, though now nearly forgotten, part in the gallant and successful fight that the smaller party made against the larger. His work did much to prepare the way for the succession of the House of Hanover, whose fortunes long lay trembling in the balance, and in restraining the Whigs, once in power, from rash projects and policies.

We shall have occasion later to notice the distinct ethical influence of Steele's periodical writings. His only separate work which has a plain ethical bearing was the *Christian Hero*, the much misunderstood and neglected essay with which his literary career really opened. It is scarcely a religious manual, as careless readers have styled it, but rather a simple monument of noble and unaffected piety. In a time when Christianity in all its aspects was more a convention or a creed than a living force, this enthusiastic young soldier, whose education and surroundings had naturally drawn him close to the models of antiquity, set himself seriously to an examination of a problem that may perplex many a pious mind, why the heroes of Greece and Rome, extolled and imitated throughout Europe since the ideals of the Renaissance first began to prevail, should so predominate in our minds over the heroes and martyrs of the Church. The style is ambitious and sonorous, as of one fascinated by the periods of Sallust and Cicero. Thought and feeling, on the other hand, are thoroughly Puritan in their simple idealism, and bear witness to the freshening and reawakening of the emotions that was steadily leading up to the great religious and literary movements of the latter part of the century.

As a letter-writer, Steele had in his day no superior. Lady Mary Wortley Montague showed more sprightliness,

Pope a more studied grace, and Swift an admirable and wonderful conciseness of phrase of which he alone was the possessor. But Steele's letters, especially those to his wife, not only charm by their grace but delight by the frank expression of his more intimate feelings, and by what they reveal of his fine and ever buoyant spirit.

In the drama Steele won a good reputation, partly from his natural merit, partly by the peculiar circumstances existing at that time. His force lay chiefly in his instinctive trend to comedy, which is often to be observed in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and his talent for character drawing, that inimitable and indescribable art, soon to bloom even more delicately in England, which transforms the dull commonplaces of life into situations brimming with mirth, without being false to reality. Steele lacked the rough cynicism of Wycherley, the polished wit of Congreve, the constructive skill of Vanbrugh, but his characters, particularly the noblest of them — and few contemporary plays handled types other than despicable — show a strong grasp of the tangible life of his day, as the good-humored moralist and journalist saw it. The romping beauty, the foolish, romance-devouring girl, the shy maiden, the adventurer, the country-lad, the young braggadocio — to choose only a few of his best creations — do not easily depart from the memory, and the reader of Steele's plays closes the book, as the beholder must have left the theatre, with a light heart and a kindly smile.

But Steele's dramatic work recommended itself also to his contemporaries because it stood for an attempt to reform the stage. The reaction against the Restoration drama is too well known to be told here in detail. It was indeed impossible that a state of things so abnormal should have long remained in full force. Brilliant as the

stage was at its best, in Congreve, it was a topsy-turvy condition of the world which it portrayed, as unnatural as that of *Gulliver's Travels*, or of the modern French novel. That for a generation even courtiers, fops, and soldiers, not to speak of sober citizens, should endure the dust and bustle of these afternoon performances, where audience and actors were inconveniently mingled, where ladies came only in masks, is now as hard to conceive of as the gay play of unlicensed wit and unbridled mockery of church and state, of honesty in husband or friend, in wife or maid. Such conditions could maintain themselves only in a select circle of courtiers, and as long as the divine rights of kings could set aside all the world's experience. When whiggism developed apace, and Charles and James gave place to William and Anne, the protest against such plays grew and the interest in them weakened.

Naturally, the immorality of this somewhat artificial comedy of manners has been greatly overrated. From first to last the stage had distinctly rebuked the vices of the time, or at worst had merely put before the world without comment the bodily aspect of a reckless age. In the prologue to the *Provoked Wife*, Vanbrugh stated clearly a programme which was not unlike that of Molière: —

> "the intent and business of the stage
> To copy out the follies of the age;
> To hold to every man a faithful glass,
> And show him of what species he's an ass."

But by Steele's time the old convention had outlived its usefulness, and the citizen power, the Puritan influence, asserted itself again in Blackmore's preface to *Prince Arthur*, and in Collier's *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*. The first scarcely

reached its mark, but the second, in spite of much inherent absurdity, inflicted a serious wound on the traditions of Etheredge and Wycherley.

The first fruits of the reaction were arrests and prosecutions of actors, sometimes on foolish charges, better regulations in regard to conduct in playhouses, revisions of old plays, and a whole crop of new and different plays on the new basis. Of the last the most representative were written by Cibber and Steele. Cibber's work, however, was less vicious simply because he was himself not of the old mould and was more interested in the portrayal of the fop than the rake. His plays still had in them situations insupportable on the modern stage, but, like Sunday-school novels, they all ended admirably. He even had the effrontery to declare in his preface to the *Careless Husband*, dated December 15, 1704, that "the best critics have long and justly complained that the coarseness of most characters in our late comedies have been unfit entertainments for people of quality, especially the ladies, and therefore I was long in hopes that some able pen (whose expectation did not hang upon the profits of success) would generously attempt to reform the town into a better taste than the world generally allows it. But nothing of that kind having lately appeared that would give me the opportunity of being wise at another's expense, I find it impossible any longer to resist the secret temptations of my vanity, and so even struck the first blow myself."

But Steele *had* preceded Cibber, as Cibber probably very well knew. *The Funeral* (1701) was an earnest satire, with marked nobility of purpose and tone; and *The Lying Lover* (1703) was due, as the author confesses in the preface to the published play, to his "honest ambition to attempt a comedy which might be no

improper entertainment in a Christian commonwealth." So far as can be seen, Steele's influence, exerted both through his own practice and his criticism of the drama, was by no means an unimportant influence in the reformation of the stage. He may even be recognized as originating in England, with the *Lying Lover* and the *Conscious Lovers*, the sentimental comedy, — a *genre* destined to acquire great prominence in the English as well as the continental theatre, and to permeate contemporary literature with something of its ethical earnestness, its ludicrously sombre exaggeration of typical vices, and its roseate characterization of typical virtues.

VII.

Steele's Periodical Writings: their Character and Influence.

In the notes accompanying the selections will be found the less important facts in regard to the various periodicals which played so large a part in Steele's life and fame. Here it will be sufficient to discuss in general the more prominent periodicals with which he was connected and, very briefly, their influence on English and continental literature and culture.

The curious type of periodical which the *Tatler* brought into vogue was destined to great popularity. Its distinguishing characteristics were, first, a tendency to deal thoughtfully with matter of general, social, and ethical interest, rather than with mere political or personal news or scandal, and, second, a playful artifice whereby the

author, who played the rôle of a whimsical person devoted to the public weal, gave to his utterances, for the most part, a narrative form and the dramatic elements of plot and character. The originality of the *Tatler* in both points was real. Still, Steele had behind him Bacon, Montaigne, and La Bruyère, to mention no others, as essayists in a kindred *genre*. In France, then far more advanced than England in such matters, the *Mercure galant*, a sort of quarterly with somewhat similar aims, had been in existence since 1672, and its motive had been imitated by several periodicals, described in detail in Hatin's interesting *Histoire de la Presse*, which were devoted largely to literary criticism and written with an individuality that faintly reminds one of the *Tatler* series. The genesis of the *Tatler* was probably not, however, stimulated by foreign products. Its English ancestry has often been given in full and can be most conveniently traced in Perry's *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century* and in Beljame's *Le public et les hommes de lettres en Angleterre au dix-huitième siècle*. The main facts are these. News-sheets had existed in England for a century, a daily paper since 1702, and sundry gossipy Mercuries since 1690. Defoe's popular *Review* (1704–13) not only led the way in treating political and economical questions but attacked the follies of the time with Steele's spirit, though not with his grace and wit. Taking his cue from Defoe's paper, and drawing on the news he had access to in his capacity of editor of the official *London Gazette*, Steele began the *Tatler* as a tri-weekly, published on post days, at a penny a copy.[1] Addison's contributions began only after the success of the venture

[1] For convenience in reference I add a table giving the more important data concerning each of the chief periodicals with which Steele was associated : —

was assured and its character determined. The style was light and graceful, the tone that of gentle or vigorous satire, as the occasion demanded, the matter short narratives or character sketches, and dramatic or literary criticism, through much of all which ran a vein of fantastic humor appropriate to the name and genius of Isaac Bickerstaff. To the *Tatler* suddenly succeeded the *Spectator*, the mature work of the two friends, now grown skilful in collaboration. The subject-matter was much the same, the assumed character of the whimsical author more attractive, the machinery for securing continuity in the action and variety of the *dramatis personae* more complicated. Beginning with a circulation of 3000, a very large number for those times, the *Spectator* increased rapidly in popularity, falling somewhat when, in 1712, the price was doubled on account of the new tax on papers. As in the case of the *Tatler*, the sale of the reprinted bound volumes was also large. The *Guardian* started out on a slightly more serious basis, with a tone more frankly that of advice and reproof. Its chief purpose was "to protect the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to contemn the vain, the cowardly; and to disappoint the wicked and profane."

NAME.	BEGAN.	ENDED.	NUMBERS ISSUED.	OF WHICH STEELE WROTE.	NUMBER OF ISSUES A WEEK.
The Tatler	April 12, 1709	Jan. 2, 1711	271	188	3
The Spectator . .	March 1, 1711	Dec. 6, 1712	555	236	6
The Guardian. . .	March 12, 1713	Oct. 1, 1713	175	82	6
The Englishman	Oct. 6, 1713	Feb. 15, 1714	57	The greater part.	3
(second series)	July 11, 1715	Nov. 21, 1715	38		2
The Theatre . . .	Jan. 2, 1720	April 5, 1720	28		2

At first Steele intended to be impartial in regard to politics, but the new journal had not run a quarter of its course before it became involved in a quarrel with the *Examiner*, and from then on assumed a more partisan character. The *Englishman* was frankly a Whig paper. The *Theatre*, Steele's last venture into periodical literature, was more in the style of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and had much of their interest and charm, though it was largely occupied with the discussion of his personal affairs.

The popularity of Steele's journals was extraordinary. Queen Anne herself had the *Spectator* every morning at breakfast ; the women read it drinking their tea, the men while smoking their morning pipes. Even in Scotland grave people read it aloud on Sundays, when they met after church to discuss the news of the week. The influence of Steele's work was fully commensurate with its popularity. "'T is incredible to conceive," said Gay in the *Present State of Wit*, "the effect his [the *Tatler's*] writings have had in the town ; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished or given a very great check to ; how much countenance they have added to virtue and religion ; how many people they have rendered happy by shewing them it was their own fault if they were not so ; and lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning."

The new form of periodical, Steele's timely invention, found at once imitators in England. A score of similar papers appeared in quick succession after the founding of the *Tatler*, a dozen after the beginning of the *Spectator*, though none of them had more than a short life and a trifling influence. By 1750, the time of Johnson's *Rambler*, the number of such journals in England had reached

94; by 1764 it had reached 117; and by 1808, a total of 227.[1] In America also there were marked traces of the same influence.[2] Benjamin Franklin's affection and admiration for the *Spectator* are well known from the passage in his autobiography, and it was he who gave a lightness of tone, hitherto unknown in America, to his brother's paper, the *New England Courant*, founded in August, 1721. When on February 11, 1723, Franklin began to print and publish the *Courant* under his own name, his salutatory,[3] his Latin mottoes, and his club of whimsical characters all bear witness to the extent to which he followed Steele's model. Quickly succeeding the *Courant* appeared, on March 20, 1727, the *New England Weekly Journal, Containing the most remarkable Occurrences, Foreign and Domestick*, in which young and ambitious writers set themselves to imitate the *Spectator* type. The editor assumed the name of Proteus Echo, Esq.; the "Society" which he represented was composed of the Honorable Charles Gravely, Esq.; Mr. Timothy Blunt, Mr. Christopher Careless, Mr. Will Butterfly, and Mr. Honeysuckle; and the moral essays and social sketches which the paper contained were of the sort that could have been expected under the circumstances. A third instance of direct imitation was the *Weekly Rehearsal*, begun in Boston on September 27, 1731, by Jeremy Gridley, afterwards Attorney-General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. The writers made large pretensions to literary taste, and their essays, strik-

[1] Drake, *Essays Illustrative of the Tatler*, etc. Kawczyński, *Studien zur Literaturgeschichte des XVIII. Jahrhunderts. Moralische Zeitschriften.* Leipzig, 1880.

[2] See Hudson's *Journalism in the United States*, Harpers, 1873, pp. 69 ff., and Winsor's *Memorial History of Boston*, vol. II., pp. 394 ff.

[3] Quoted in Hudson; facsimile in Winsor.

ing freshly on minds already much occupied with affairs and politics, won a large degree of popular favor.[1] Even now the most common names of the older English periodicals of this kind — the *Spectators* and their kin — are not rare among us, and the tone, the method of Steele and Addison are still to be detected in the utterances of "The Observer," "The Lounger," or "The Listener."

In France the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* had also a distinct influence. Both were translated into French,[2] and in that form became familiar wherever French books were read. Rousseau read the *Spectator* in his youth. "J'avais trouvé," he said, "quelques livres dans la chambre que j'occupais : le Spectateur, Puffendorff, Saint-Evremont, la Henriade. Quoique je n'eusse plus mon ancienne fureur de lecture, par désœuvrement je lisais un peu de tout cela. Le Spectateur surtout me plut beaucoup et me fit du bien."[3] The form and contents of the new periodicals were frequently imitated. Between 1711 and 1815 thirty-one such journals were founded. In 1713 Voltaire, in a letter to M. de Vauvenargues (May 9), wrote as follows in regard to *Le Spectateur littéraire de France :* "Le chevalier de Quinsonas a abandonné son *Spectateur*. Il ne s'agit plus, pour les *Observateurs*, que

[1] Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*, published by him under the name of Richard Saunders, was a direct descendant of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. See the passage relating to it in Franklin's *Autobiography*, in Bigelow's *Life of Benjamin Franklin*, vol. I., p. 251. For Franklin's imitation of the style of the *Spectator*, see *ibid.*, vol. I., p. 109. For the influence of the style and character of the English periodicals on Irving, see his contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*, under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, and his later venture, with J. K. Paulding, *Salmagundi ; or, the Whim-whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and others.*

[2] *Le Babillard*, Amsterdam, 1723 ; *Le Spectateur*, Amsterdam, 1715–18, Paris, 1716.

[3] *Les Confessions*, book III.

de trouver un libraire accommodant et honnête homme, ce qui est plus difficile que de faire un bon journal. Qu'ils se conduisent avec prudence, et tout ira bien." An interest in English life, manners and customs, literature, science, and politics began, indeed, to be felt in Paris. In 1717 a French refugee, Michel de La Roche, founded in Amsterdam a *Bibliothèque anglaise, ou Histoire littéraire de la Grande-Bretagne*,[1] which was well received in France, held its own for a decade, and was followed in 1733 by a no less successful *Bibliothèque brittanique ou Histoire des Savants de la Grande-Bretagne.* Of all the journals built upon the English model, however, the most famous was that of Prévost, *Le Pour et Contre.*[2] But the characteristically whimsical English humor of the *Tatler* series was never quite to the French taste, and the imitative movement passed away without leaving deep traces on the history of journalism or of literature.

In Germany, on the other hand, the seed that Steele sowed multiplied in a fertile soil. A translation, from the French, of the *Spectator* appeared in 1719; in 1739 a version from the English was made, chiefly, it seems, by Gottsched's wife and by Gottsched himself.[3] Between 1713 and 1719 three periodicals were founded on the model of the *Spectator*, of which one bore the name of *Der Spectateur oder Betrachtung der verdorbenen Sitten.* Between 1721 and 1739 no less than 78 such papers appeared; 68 between 1740 and 1749; 92 between 1750 and 1761; 66 between 1761 and 1769; 64 between 1770 and 1779; 114 between 1780 and 1789; and 26 between

[1] Hatin, *Histoire de la Presse*, Paris, 1859, vol. II., p. 290.

[2] Hatin, vol. III., p. 19. Sainte-Beuve, *Portraits littéraires*, vol. I., p. 276.

[3] Koberstein, *Geschichte der deutschen Nationalliteratur*, fifth edition, vol. III., p. 157, note.

1790 and 1800. The Zurich school were the first to make such a journal famous. The *Discurse der Maler*, begun in 1721 by Bodmer and Breitinger, and so called both because the authors of essays signed themselves by the names of celebrated painters and because they depicted the life and customs of the time, followed the *Spectator* almost slavishly. The first volume was dedicated "an die erlauchten Zuschauer der Engeländischen Nation," and the second was dedicated to Steele himself, to whom it appears, from the proceedings of the "Society," that the authors had, on October 18, 1721, addressed a long letter of gratitude and explanation.[1] The *Chronick der Gesellschaft der Maler* bears record, under the date of August 28, 1721, were further testimony necessary, to the zeal with which the "Society" studied the *Spectator:* "Es ward in der Gesellschaft beliebt, unser Original, ich meine die Discourse der Engelländers, besser zu studiren; zu dem Ende wurden von Zeit zu Zeit in der Gesellschaft hin und wieder einiche Discourse vorgelesen, und darüber so reflectirt, dass man die Folgen seiner Gedancken, die Rechtigkeit seiner Schlüssen, die Abänderungen seiner tours, etc., genau bemerckte." The *Discurse der Maler* suggested to Gottsched the establishment of *Die vernünftigen Tadlerinnen* (1725), which was two years later followed by *Der Biedermann.* Thus started by the great leaders of two opposite schools, the movement grew rapidly in magnitude and influence, with the effect of

[1] Dr. Theodor Vetter, *Der Spectator als Quelle der "Discurse der Maler,"* Frauenfeld, 1887. The *Chronick der Gesellschaft der Maler* was edited by Dr. Vetter in 1887. A clear history and criticism of the æsthetic questions thus raised is to be found in Professor Friedrich Braitmaier's *Geschichte der poetischen Theorie und Kritik von den Diskursen der Maler bis auf Lessing*, Frauenfeld, 1888.

See also Milberg's *Die moralischen Wochenschriften des 18. Jahrhunderts*, Meissen, undated.

educating greatly the almost extinct popular taste and encouraging it both to the observation of character and to an interest in literature based on domestic life. More important still, these periodicals, with their frequent discussions of moral and aesthetic questions, led directly to the whole critical movement of the later eighteenth century, which had so powerful an effect on the development of German literature.

In Holland, Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark the influence of the *Spectator* can likewise be traced.[1] In Italy the movement came late and is scarcely to be separated from that resulting from the general influence of the later English essayists and novelists, but it is distinctly to be traced in *L'Osservatore* (1761–2), the well-known Venetian journal in which Gasparo Gozzi imitated the *Spectator*, familiar to him through a French translation.[2]

VIII.

Steele's Style.

Steele's style has often been severely criticised. Dr. Drake[3] was "afraid that it cannot be affirmed that our

[1] For Holland and Poland see Kawczyński, pp. 42, 43; for Russia, *The Academy* (London), March 25, 1882, p. 211, in a translation of a letter to *Le Livre;* for Sweden see Malmström's *Grunddragen af svenska Vitterhetens Historia*, 1866, vol. I., pp. 237 and 552; for Denmark, where the influence came through German literature, see Petersen's *Bidrag til den danske Literaturs Historie*, Copenhagen, 1870, vol. V., pp. 14, 23, 98, etc.

[2] See Zanella, *G. Addison e G. Gozzi*, in *Paralleli letterari*, Verona, 1884, and Luigi Piccioni, *Il Giornalismo letterario in Italia*, vol. I., pp. 174, 175, Torino, 1894.

[3] *Essays Illustrative of the Tatler, etc.*, vol. I., p. 185.

author contributed much to inspire or embellish the art of composition : he found it incorrect and left it so." It is plain, however, that Steele never pretended to write with the grace or outward accuracy of a rhetorician. In one of his earliest *Tatlers* he announces his intention of telling for news whatever he pleases, provided that he "trespass not as a Tatler further than in an incorrectness of style, and writing in an air of common speech." Late in his life again, in a prefatory letter to an edition of Addison's *Drummer*,[1] he thus contrasts his friend's style and method of writing with his own : "The elegance, purity, and correctness which appeared in his writings were not so much to my purpose as, in any intelligible manner as I could, to rally all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly good and great." Mr. Dobson's estimate takes into account Steele's object, and prefers rightly to praise him for what he is rather than to blame him for what he is not. "As a prose-writer," he says,[2] "Steele does not rank with the great masters of English style. He claimed, indeed, in his capacity as a *Tatler*, to use 'common speech,' to be even incorrect if need be, and, it may be added, he sometimes abused this license. Writing hastily and under pressure, his language is frequently involved and careless; and it is only when he is strongly stirred by his subject that he attains to real elevation and dignity of diction. His eloquence is wholly of the heart; and there is little or nothing of epigram in his expression." But in the language of common speech, in the eloquence of the heart, Steele has few equals in the literature of his century; and surely no one can read the mass of his

[1] *Epistolary Correspondence*, vol. II., p. 606.

[2] *Selections from Steele*, p. xlvi.

extant letters without feeling that through their style — that inimitably gracious and sympathetic style — he has gained for a moment the power of looking deep into the heart of one of the noblest and most sincere men of his century.

IX.

Chronological List of Steele's Writings.

1695. March. "The Procession, A Poem on Her Majesties Funeral, by a Gentleman of the Army." See, also, 1713, "Poetical Miscellanies." A dedicatory letter, "To the Right Honourable the Lord Cutts," is prefixed.

1700. Contributed verses, entitled to the "Mirrour of British Knighthood, the worthy Author of the Satyr against Wit; occasion'd by the Hemistich, p. 8," to a folio pamphlet, called "Commendatory Verses, on the Author of the Two Arthurs, and the Satyr against Wit; by some of his particular Friends." The pamphlet was directed against Sir Richard Blackmore, to a line referring to Addison in whose "Satyr against Wit" (published in 1699) Steele replies.

1701. Contributed an "Epistle to Mr. Congreve, occasioned by his Comedy called 'The Way of the World'"; to "A New Miscellany of Original Poems, on Several Occasions." See, also, 1713, "Poetical Miscellanies."

1701. April 15–17. "The Christian Hero: an Argument proving that No Principles but those of Religion are Sufficient to make a Great Man."

1701. December 20. "The Funeral; or Grief-à-la-Mode, a Comedy." Acted at the Drury Lane Theatre in the latter part of the same year.

1704. January 26. "The Lying Lover; or, the Ladies Friendship, a Comedy." Acted at the Drury Lane Theatre, December 2, 1703.

1705. May 9. "The Tender Husband; or, the Accomplished Fools, a Comedy." Acted at the Drury Lane Theatre, April 23, 1705.

1706. January 11. Prologue to "The Mistake" (by Sir John Vanbrugh). Acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, December 27, 1705. The prologue was spoken by Booth.

1706. July. "A Prologue to the University of Oxford, spoken by Mr. Wilks at the opening of the Theatre there." Afterwards printed, as "By Capt. S —— l," in the "Muses Mercury" for September, 1707.

1707. In the first number of the "Muses Mercury," which was dated January, verses "To a Young Lady who had married an Old Man. By Capt. Steel."

1707. In the number of the "Muses Mercury," dated February, a "Song. By Capt. Steel."

1707. From April or May until October, 1710, author of the "London Gazette."

1709. April 12. "The Tatler" begun. Ran until January 2, 1711.

1709. Contributed verses entitled "An Imitation of Horace's Sixth Ode," applied to the Duke of Marlborough. By Captain R. S.," to Fenton's "Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems." See, also, 1780, Nichols's "Select Collection of Poems," and 1809, Nichols's Steele's "Correspondence."

1710. July. "The Tatler," vols. i. and ii., with dedicatory letters, respectively, to Mr. Maynwaring and to Edward Wortley Montague, Esq.

1710–11. "The Medley." Steele contributed a part of one number (23).

1711. March 1. "The Spectator" begun. Steele's connection with it lasted until December 6, 1712. He had nothing to do with the subsequent papers, which formed an eighth volume.

1711. "The Tatler," vols. iii. and iv., with dedicatory letters, respectively, to William Lord Cowper (Baron of Wingham) and to Lord Halifax.

1711. "A Grammar of the English Tongue. Printed for John Brightland." With "The Approbation of Isaac Bickerstaff." See Aitkin, ii., 395.

1711–12. "The Spectator," vols. i. and ii., with dedicatory letters, respectively, to Lord Somers and to Charles Lord Halifax.

1712. January 4. "The Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough." A quarto pamphlet signed Scoto-Britannus. Acknowledged by Steele, and reprinted in his "Political Writings," 1715.

1712. March. Prologue to "The Distrest Mother. By A. Philips."

1712. "The Spectator," vols. iii. and iv., with dedicatory letters, respectively, to Henry Boyle, Esq., and to the Duke of Marlborough.

1712–13. "The Spectator," vols. v. and vi., with dedicatory letters, respectively, to the Earl of Wharton and to the Earl of Sunderland.

1713. "The Spectator," vol. vii., with a dedicatory letter to Mr. Methuen.

1713. March 5. "A Letter to Sir Miles Wharton, concerning Occasional Peers." Issued under the name of Francis Hicks, but reprinted by Steele in his "Political Writings," 1715.

1713. March 12. "The Guardian" begun. Ran until October 1, 1713.

1713. September 22. "The Importance of Dunkirk Considered: In Defence of the Guardian of August the 7th, 1713. In a letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge." Reprinted in "Political Writings," 1715.

1713. October 6. "The Englishman" begun. Ran until February 15, 1714.

1713. December. "The Guardian," vols. i. and ii., with dedicatory letters, respectively, to Lieutenant-General Cadogan and to Mr. Pulteney.

1713. December 26–29. "Poetical Miscellanies, consisting of Original Poems and Translations. By the best Hands.

Publish'd by Mr. Steele." Contains Steele's "To Mr. Congreve, occasion'd by his Comedy called, 'The Way of the World'" (see above, 1701) and "The Procession" (see above, 1695).

1714. January 19. "The Crisis: Or, a Discourse representing, from the most authentic Records, the just causes of the late Happy Revolution. . . . With some Seasonable Remarks on the Danger of a Popish Successor. By Richard Steele, Esq." Reprinted in "Political Writings," 1715.

1714. February. "Mr. Steele's Speech upon the proposal of Sir Thomas Hanmer for Speaker of the House of Commons."

1714. February 25. "The Lover" begun. Ran until May 27.

1714. April 22. "The Reader" begun. Ran until May 10.

1714. May 25. "The Romish Ecclesiastical History of Late Years." Of this Steele probably wrote only the dedication to Lord Finch, which is reprinted in Nichols's "Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele," 1809.

1714. June 3. "A Letter to a Member of Parliament concerning the Bill for Preventing the Growth of Schism. By Richard Steele, Esq." Reprinted in "Political Writings."

1714. July 2. "The French Faith represented in the Present State of Dunkirk. A Letter to the Examiner, in defence of Mr. S —— le." Signed C. P. Reprinted in "Political Writings."

1714. "The Englishman," vol. i., with a dedicatory letter to General Stanhope.

1714. October 9. "The Ladies Library. Written by a Lady. Published by Mr. Steele." 3 vols. Vol. i. was dedicated to the Countess of Burlington, vol. ii. to Mrs. Bovey, and vol. iii. to Mrs. Steele. The dedicatory letters are reprinted in Nichols's "Correspondence," 1809.

1714. October 22. "Mr. Steele's Apology for Himself and his Writings; Occasioned by his Expulsion from the

House of Commons." Reprinted in "Political Writings," 1715.

1714. December 18. "The Lover; to which is added The Reader." With a dedicatory letter to Sir Samuel Garth.

1715. May 13. "An Account of the State of the Roman-Catholick Religion throughout the World. Written for the Use of Pope Innocent XI. by Monsignor Cerri, Secretary of the Congregation *de propaganda Fide*. Now first translated. . . . With a Large Dedication to the Present Pope. . . . By Sir Richard Steele." Really written by Bishop Hoadley.

1715. July 11. A new series of "The Englishman" begun. Ran until November 21.

1715. September 30. "A Letter from the Earl of Mar to the King, before His Majesty's Arrival in England. With some Remarks on my Lord's subsequent Conduct. By Sir Richard Steele." Reprinted in Somers's "Tracts," fourth Collection, 1751, and at the end of some copies of "The Englishman, vol. ii.," 1716 and 1737.

1715. December 17. "Town-Talk, in a Letter to a Lady in the Country" begun. Ran until February 13, 1716.

1715. "The Political Writings of Sir Richard Steele."

1716. January. "The British Subjects' Answer to the Pretender's Declaration. By Sir Richard Steele." Reprinted in Somers's "Tracts," 1751.

1716. January 21. "Sir Richard Steele's Account of Mr. Desaguliers' new-invented Chimneys. Printed for E. Curll." In No. 3 of "Town-Talk" Steele has casually mentioned a device for heating and ventilating contrived by Mr. Desaguliers. Curll, the publisher of Desaguliers' book called "Fires Improved," reprinted the passage and distributed it as an advertisement. Mr. Desaguliers wrote to "Town-Talk," No. 7, to protest that he had had no part in the proceeding and did not approve it.

1716. January 21. "The Protestant Packet." With this new weekly periodical Nichols, who had seen three numbers, said that Steele doubtless had some connection.

1716. February 2. "The Tea-Table." This periodical pamphlet was to appear fortnightly, but it ran for only three numbers. "This paper, too, is attributed to Steele, but no copies appear now to be known." Aitkin, vol. ii., p. 87.

1716. March 3 (?). "Chit-Chat. In a Letter to a Lady in the Country. By Humphrey Philroye." Two copies of this paper, the only ones known to exist, are in the Bodleian, and are described by Aitkin, vol. ii., p. 87.

1716. March 6. "A Letter, a Member, etc., concerning the condemn'd lords, in vindication of gentlemen calumniated in the St. James's Post of Friday, March 2."

1716. March 21. Addison's "The Drummer: Or, the Haunted House. A Comedy." With a preface by Steele.

1716. April. "Sir Richard Steele's Speech for repealing of the Triennial Act and his reasons for the Septennial Bill. As it was spoken in the House of Commons in answer to several speeches made against it, the 24th of April, 1716."

1717. "The Funeral and the Tender Husband. Comedies. By Mr. Steele." Prefixed is a dedication to the Duchess of Hamilton.

1717. "Lucius, by Mrs. Manley." Contains a prologue by Steele and is dedicated to him.

1718. November 19. "An Account of the Fish Pool. . . . By Sir Richard Steele, and Mr. Joseph Gillmore, Mathematician."

1719. March 14. "The Plebeian" begun. Ran weekly until April 6.

1719. April 30–May 2. "The Joint and Humble Address of the Tories and Whigs Concerning the Bill of Peerage." Reprinted in Boyer's Annals for May, 1719.

1719. June. "The Antidote. In a letter to the Free-Thinker. Occasioned by the management of the present dispute between Dr. Woodward and certain other Physicians." Also, "The Antidote, No. ii. In a Letter to the Free-

Thinker. Occasioned by later actions between Dr. Woodward and Dr. Mead." There is strong evidence for believing both these pamphlets to be by Steele.

1719. December 7. "A Letter to the Earl of O——d, concerning the Bill of Peerage. By Sir R——d S——le."

1719. December 19. "The Spinster: In defence of the Woollen Manufacturers. To be continued occasionally, No. i." No others appeared.

1719. "An inquiry into the manner of creating Peers." Also attributed to Richard West.

1720. January 2. "The Theatre" begun. Ran until April 5.

1720. February 1. "The Crisis of Property. An argument proving that the Annuitants for ninety-nine years, as such, are not in the condition of other subjects of Great Britain, but by compact with the Legislature are exempt from any new direction relating to the said Estates. By Sir Richard Steele, Knt." Reprinted in Nichols's "The Theatre, by Sir Richard Steele," London, 1791.

1720. February 26. "A Nation a Family: Being the Sequel of The Crisis of Property; or, A Plan for the improvement of the South Sea Proposal. By Sir Richard Steele, Knight, Member of Parliament." Reprinted in Nichols's "The Theatre," etc.

1720. March 29 (?). "The State of the Case between the Lord-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, and the Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians. With the opinions of Pemberton, Northey, and Parker, concerning the Theatre. By Sir Richard Steele." Reprinted in Nichols's edition of "The Theatre."

1721. January 23. "A Prologue to the Town, as it was spoken at the Theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields. Written by Mr. Welsted. With an Epilogue on the same occasion. By Sir Richard Steele." Reprinted in Welsted's "Works," 1787.

1721. December 29. Second edition of Addison's "The Drummer," with the addition of a dedication to Con-

greve. The latter is reprinted in Arber's "English Garner," vol. vi.

1722. December 1. "The Conscious Lovers. A Comedy. Written by Sir Richard Steele." Acted at Drury Lane, November 7.

1723. Two papers for Nos. 46 and 51 (July 9 and 26) of *Pasquin*. Reprinted in Nichols's "The Theatre," etc.

1787. "The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele; including his familiar letters to his wife and daughters; to which are prefixed fragments of three plays; two of them undoubtedly Steele's, the third supposed to be Addison's. Faithfully printed from the originals; and illustrated with literary and historical anecdotes, by John Nichols." First Edition in 1789, second in 1809.

Several publications in which one or more letters of Steele's are included are indicated in Aitkin's "Life of Richard Steele," vol. ii., pp. 390–407.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

WRITINGS OF RICHARD STEELE.

I.

[A letter written by Steele from Christ's Church College, Oxford, to his uncle, Henry Gascoigne, urging him to use his interest with the Duke of Ormond, whose secretary he was, to obtain Steele a studentship.]

May 14 [*1690*].

S^r^,

I have received the Bundle My Lady sent to me And do most humbly thank ye for that and all the rest of y^r^ favours, but my request to you now is that you would compleat all the rest by solliciting the Dean who is now in London in my behalfe for a student's place here ; I am satisfied that I stand very fair in his favour. He saw one of my Exercises in the House and commended it very much and said y^t^ if I went on in me Study he did not question but I should make something more than ordinary. I had this from my Tutour. I have I think a good character through the whole Coll : I speake not this, S^r^, out of any vanity or affectation but to let you know that I have not been altogether negligent on my part : these places are not given by merit but are secured by friends, though I question not but so generous a man as our Dean would rather prefer one that was a Scholar before another. I have had so great advantages in being [edu-

cated at an] excellent school [that although] my own abilities are so very mean I beleive there are very few of [the] Gown in the Coll : so good scholars as I am. My Tutour before told me that if you should be pleased to use your interest for me, and g^t^ my Lord's letter or word in my behalfe ; it would certainly do my businesse. And y^r^ Friend, D^r^ Hough the new Bishop of Oxon, I beleive may doe much now for D^r^ Aldrich is, as it were, his Dean. Perhaps, Sir, you may be modest in solliciting him, because you may think others trouble him for the same thing ; But pray, S^r^, don't let that hinder you for it will be the same case next Election, and if we misse this opportunity 'tis ten to one whether we ever have such another ; besides the Dean won't have a place again this three year ; therefore I beseech you S^r^ as you have been always heretofore very good to me to use your utmost Endeavour now in my behalfe. And assure y^r^ selfe that whatever preferment I ever attain to shall never make me ingratefully forget, and not acknowledge the authour of all my advances but I shall ever be proud of writing myself,

Sir,

Your most obliged [nephew] and

Hum : Ser^vt^,

RICH. STEELE.

II.

[An undated letter, probably of a slightly later period, is addressed by Steele to his aunt, wife of Henry Gascoigne, and shows that grace of compliment was as early characteristic of him as energy and ambition.]

Honoured Madam,

Out of a deep sense of y^r^ la^sps^ goodnesse Towards me, I could not forbear accusing myselfe of Ingratitude in

omitting my duty, by not acknowledging y^r^ Lad^ship's^ favours by frequent letters; but how to excuse myselfe as to that point I know not, but must humbly hope y^t^ as you have been alwaies soe bountifull to me as to encourage my endeavours, soe y^u^ will be soe mercifull to me as to pardon my faults and neglects. But, Madam, should I expresse my gratitude for every benefit y^t^ I receive at y^r^ lad^shp's^ and my good Vncle, I should never sit down to meat but I must write a letter when I rise from table; for to his goodnesse I humbly acknowledge my being. But, Mada^m^, not to be too tedious, I shall only subscribe myselfe Mada^m^, y^r^ la^ship's^ Humble servant and obedient though unworthy nephew,

R. STEELE.

Pray, mad^m^ give my duty to my unkle and my good Ant, and my love to me Ingenious Cousin and humble service to good M^rs^ Dwight.

III.

[Dedication of the *Christian Hero: An Argument proving that no Principles but those of Religion are Sufficient to make a Great Man*, April, 1701.]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD CUTTS,

COLONEL OF HIS MAJESTY'S COLDSTREAM REGIMENT OF GUARDS, ETC.

My Lord,

The address of the following papers is so very much due to your Lordship, that they are but a mere report of what has past upon my guard to my commander; for they were writ upon duty, when the mind was perfectly disengaged, and at leisure, in the silent watch of the night,

to run over the busy dream of the day; and the vigilance which obliges us to suppose an enemy always near us, has awakened a sense that there is a restless and subtle one which constantly attends our steps and meditates our ruin. Thoughts of this nature a man may, with freedom, acknowledge to your Lordship, who have ever been so far from running into the fashionable vice of exploding religion that your early valour first appeared against the professed enemies of Christianity, and Buda had transmitted you to late posterity, but that you yourself have obliterated your part in that glorious scene by the fresher memory of you at Limerick and Namur.

With one honest purpose of life, and constant service of one interest and one cause, in what country have you not fought; in what field have you not bled? But I know I here offend you, nor will you allow warmth in commendation to be like a friend; but if, my Lord, to speak you generous, honest, and brave be not so, I do assure you, it is the only thing I shall ever do in common with your enemies. . . .

Go on, my Lord, thus to contemn and thus to enjoy life; and if some great English day does not call for that sacrifice which you are always ready to offer, may you, in a mature age, go to sleep with your ancestors, in expectation not of an imaginary fame but a real immortality.

As for the present I now make you, if you will accept it with your usual goodness and affection to me, I shall entertain no further hopes; for as your favour is my fortune, so your approbation is my fame.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's
Most obedient, most faithful,
and most humble servant,

TOWER GUARD, RICHARD STEELE.
March 23, 1701.

IV.

[From the *Christian Hero.*]

It were not then, methinks, a useless inquiry to search into the reason that we are so willing to arm ourselves against the assaults of delight and sorrow rather with the dictates of morality than those of religion; and how it has obtained that when we say a thing was done like an old Roman, we have a generous and sublime idea that warms and kindles in us, together with a certain self-disdain, a desire of imitation; when, on the other side, to say, it was like a primitive Christian, chills ambition, and seldom rises to more than the cold approbation of a duty that perhaps a man wishes he were not obliged to. Or, in a word, why is it that the heathen struts and the Christian sneaks in our imagination? If it be as Machiavil says, that religion throws our minds below noble and hazardous pursuits, then its followers are slaves and cowards; but if it gives a more hardy and aspiring genius than the world before knew, then he and all our fine observers who have been pleased to give us only heathen portraitures, to say no worse, have robbed their pens of characters the most truly gallant and heroic that ever appeared to mankind.

About the time the world received the best news it ever heard, the men whose actions and fortunes are most pompously arrayed in story had just acted or were then performing their parts, as if it had been the design of Providence to prepossess at that time, after a more singular manner than ordinary, the minds of men with the trappings and furniture of glory and riches, to heighten the virtue and magnanimity of those who were to oppose them all, by passing through wants, miseries, and disgraces; and, indeed, the shining actions of these illus-

trious men do yet glare so much in our faces that we lose our way by following a false fire, which, well considered, is but a delusive vapour of the earth, when we might enjoy the leading constant light of Heaven.

To make, therefore, a just judgment in our conduct, let us consider two or three of the most eminent heathen, and observe whether they or we are better appointed for the hard and weary march of human life; for which examination we will not look into the closets of men of reflection and retirement, but into the practice and resolution of those of action and enterprise. There were never persons more conspicuously of this latter sort than those concerned in the fortunes and death of Caesar; and since the pulse of man then beat at the highest, we will think it sufficient to our purpose carefully to review him and them as they march by us, and if we can see any apparent defect in their armour, find out some way to mend it in our own. But it will require all our patience, by taking notice of the minutest things, to come at (what is absolutely necessary to us) the recesses of their hearts and folds of their tempers.

Sallust has transmitted to us two very great but very different personages, Caesar and Cato, and placed them together in the most judicious manner for appearing to advantage, by the alternate light and shade of each other. Caesar's bounty, magnificence, popular and sumptuous entertainments stole a universal affection; Cato's parsimony, integrity, austere and rigid behaviour commanded as universal reverence; none could do an ungentle thing before Caesar, none a loose one before Cato; to one it was recommendation enough to be miserable, to the other to be good; to Caesar all faults were pardonable, to Cato none; one gave, obliged, pitied, and succoured indifferently; the other blamed, opposed, and condemned im-

partially; Caesar was the refuge of the unhappy, Cato the bane of the wicked; Cato had rather be than seem good, Caesar was careless of either but as it served his interests; Cato's sword was the sword of justice, Caesar's that of ambition; Caesar had an excellent common sense and right judgment of occasion, time, and place; the other blunt man understood not application, knew how to be in the right, but was generally so out of season; Caesar's manner made even his vice charming, Cato's even his virtue disagreeable; Caesar insinuated ill, Cato intruded good; Caesar in his sayings, his actions, and his writings was the first and happiest of all men; in his discourse he had a constant wit and right reason; in his actions, gallantry and success; in his writings, everything that any author can pretend to, and one which perhaps no man else ever had: he mentions himself with a good grace. Thus it was very natural for Caesar, adorned with every art, master of every necessary quality, either for use or ornament, with a steady and well-placed industry to outrun Cato and all like him, who had none and desired none but (an ever weak party) the good for his friends.

Now this sort of men were Caesar and Cato, and by these arts they arrived at that height which has left one's name proverbial for a noble and princely nature, the other's for an unmoved and inexorable honesty; yet, without following them through all the handsome incidents and passages of life, we may know them well enough in miniature by beholding them only in the manner of dying: for in those last minutes the soul and body both collect all their force, either bravely to oppose the enemy, or gracefully receive the conqueror, Death.

* * * * * *

This was the applauded exit of that noble Roman [Cato], who is said with a superior and invincible constancy to have eluded the partiality of fortune, and escaped the incursion upon the liberty of his country : it seems, then, had he lived, his own had been lost, and his calling himself still free and Caesar the usurper, a bondman and slave, were but mere words ; for his opinion of things was, in reality, stunned by success, and he died disappointed of the imaginary self-existence his own set of thoughts had promised him, by an action below the precepts of his philosophy and the constancy of his life.

Thus did Cato leave the world, for which, indeed, he was very unfit, in the hands of the most skilful man in it, who at his entrance on its empire excelled his past glorious life, by using with so much temper and moderation what he had purchased with so much bloodshed and violence : but we must leave at present this busy and incessant mind to the meditation of levelling inaccessible mountains, checking the course of the ocean, and correcting the periods of time ; we must leave him employed in modelling the universe (now his own) in the secure enjoyment of a life hitherto led in illustrious hazards, and now every way safe but where it is its beauty to lie open, to the treachery of his friends.

* * * * * *

Now the use we make of these reflections is, that since we have seen the mighty Caesar himself fall into superstition at the thought of his exit, since Cato's firm constancy, Brutus's generous zeal, and Cassius's steady malice, all ended in the same dereliction of themselves and despondence at last, we may justly conclude, that whatever law we may make to ourselves from the greatness of nature or the principles of philosophy for the conduct and regulation of life, is itself but an artificial passion by which

we vainly hope to subdue those that are natural, and which will certainly rise or fall with our disappointment or success, and we that are liable to both are highly concerned to be prepared for either. At which perfection there is no nearer way to arrive but by attending our own make and observing by what means human life, from its simple and rural happiness, swelled into the weighty cares and distractions with which it is at present enchanted, and from this knowledge of our misery extract our satisfaction.

* * * * * *

Now since the dictates of Christianity are thus excellently suited to an enlarged love and ambition to serve the world, the most immediate method of seeing to what height they would accomplish that noble work is taking the liberty of observing how they would naturally influence the actions and passions of such persons as have power to exert all the dictates and impulses which are inspired either by their inclinations or opinions. For whatever is acted in the narrow path of a private life passes away in the same obscurity that it was performed in, while the purposes and conduct of princes attract all eyes and employ all tongues. In which difficult station and character it is not possible but that a man without religion must be more exquisitely unhappy than the meanest of his vassals, for the repeated pomp and pageantry of greatness must needs become in time either languid in the satisfactions they give, or turn the heads of the powerful, so that it is absolutely necessary that he should have something of more inward and deep regard to keep his condition from being an oppression either to himself or others.

There were not ever before the entrance of the Christian name into the world, men who have maintained a

more renowned carriage than the two great rivals who possess the full fame of the present age and will be the theme and examination of the future. They are exactly formed by nature for these ends to which heaven seems to have sent them amongst us. Both animated with a restless desire of glory, but pursue it by different means and with different motives. To one it consists, in an extensive undisputed empire over his subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary obedience; one's happiness is founded in their want of power, the other's in their want of desire, to oppose him; the one enjoys the summit of fortune with the luxury of a Persian, the other with the moderation of a Spartan; one is made to oppress, the other to relieve the oppressed; the one is satisfied with the pomp and ostentation of power to prefer and debase his inferiors, the other delighted only with the cause and foundation of it to cherish and protect them; to one, therefore, religion is but a convenient disguise, to the other a vigorous motive of action.

* * * * * *

All the circumstances of the illustrious life of our Prince seem to have conspired to make him the check and bridle of tyranny, for his mind has been strengthened and confirmed by one continued struggle, and Heaven has educated him by adversity to a quick sense of the distresses and miseries of mankind, which he was born to redress: in just scorn of the trivial glories and light ostentations of power, that glorious instrument of Providence moves like that, in a steady, calm, and silent course, independent either of applause or of calumny, which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophic, an heroic, and Christian sense, an absolute monarch, who, satisfied with this unchangeable, just, and ample glory, must needs turn all his regards from him-

self to the service of others; for he begins his enterprises with his own share in the success of them, for integrity bears in itself its reward, nor can that which depends not on event ever know disappointment.

With the undoubted character of a glorious captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man, he is the hope and stay of Europe, a universal good not to be engrossed by us only; for distant potentates implore his friendship, and injured empires court his assistance: he rules the world, not by an invasion of the people of the earth, but the address of its princes; and if that world should be again roused from the repose which his prevailing arms have given it, why should we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whose influence the terrible enemy that thinks himself prepared for battle may find that he is but ripe for destruction, and that there may be in the womb of time great incidents which may make the catastrophe of a prosperous life as unfortunate as the particular scenes of it were successful?

For there does not want a skilful eye and resolute arm to observe and grasp the occasion: a Prince, who, from a just notion of his duty to that Being, to whom he must be accountable, has in the service of his fellow-creatures a noble contempt of pleasure and patience of labours, to whom it is hereditary to be the guardian and assertor of the native rights and liberties of mankind, and who, with a rational ambition, knows how much greater it is to give than to take away; whose every day is productive of some great action, in behalf of men's universal liberty, which great affection to them it is not in the power of their very ingratitude to alienate; he is constant and collected in himself, nor can their murmurs interrupt his toil any more than their dreams his vigilance; a

Prince who never did or spoke anything that could justly give grief to his people, but when he mentioned his succession to them : but what grateful mind can bear that insupportable reflection ? No, we will with endless adoration implore Heaven to continue him to us, or expire in heaps before his pavilion, to guard his important life, and in the joint cause of Heaven and earth, our religion and our liberty, destroy like ministering angels or die an army of martyrs.

V.

[From Act II., Scene 3, of *The Funeral, or Grief-à-la Mode*, 1701. The play is in substance a rough satire on the absurd funeral customs of the time, but the most charming scenes in it are those which have to do with the wooing of the grave Lady Sharlot and the gay Lady Harriot by the modest young soldier, Lord Hardy, and his dashing comrade, Mr. Campley.]

Scene draws and discovers LADY SHARLOT reading at a table, LADY HARRIOT playing at a glass to and fro and viewing herself.

Lady H. Nay, good sage sister, you may as well talk to me [*Looking at herself as she speaks.*] as sit staring at a book which I know you can't attend. Good Dr. Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting Francis Lord Hardy, now Earl of Brumpton, out of your head or making him absent from your eyes. Do but look at me now, and deny it if you can.

Lady S. You are the maddest girl— [*Smiling.*

Lady H. Look ye, I knew you could not say it, and forbear laughing. [*Looking over* SHARLOT.] Oh, I see his name as plain as you do. *F–r–a–n*, *Fran*, *c–i–s*, *cis*, *Francis*. 'Tis in every line of the book.

Lady S. [*Rising.*] 'Tis in vain, I see, to mind anything in such impertinent company—but granting 'twere

as you say, as to my Lord Hardy, 'tis more excusable to admire another than one's self.

Lady H. No, I think not. Yes, I grant you than really to be vain at one's person, but I don't admire myself. Pish! I don't believe my eyes have that softness. [*Looking in the glass.*] They ain't so piercing; no, 'tis only stuff the men will be talking. Some people are such admirers of teeth. Lord, what signifies teeth! [*Showing her teeth.*] A very black-a-moor has as white teeth as I. No, sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a spirit of contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in love with myself, only to rival the men.

Lady S. Aye, but Mr. Campley will gain ground even of that rival of his, your dear self.

Lady H. Oh, what have I done to you, that you should name that insolent intruder. A confident opinionative fop! No, indeed, if I am, as a poetical lover of mine sighed and sung, of both sexes

"The public envy and the public care,"

I shan't be so easily catched, — I thank him. I want but to be sure I should heartily torment him by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this life or not.

Lady S. Indeed, sister, to be serious with you, this vanity in your humour does not at all become you.

Lady H. Vanity! All the matter is, we gay people are more sincere than you wise folks. All your life's an art. Speak your soul. Look you there. [*Hailing her to the glass.*] Are you not struck with a secret pleasure when you view that bloom in your looks, that harmony in your shape, that promptitude of your mien?

Lady S. Well, simpleton, if I am at first so silly as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

Lady H. Pshaw! Pshaw! talk this musty tale to old Mrs. Fardingale; 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate.

Lady S. They that think it too soon to understand themselves will very soon find it too late. But tell me honestly, don't you like Campley?

Lady H. The fellow is not to be abhorred if the forward thing did not think of getting me so easily. Oh, I hate a heart I can't break when I please. What makes the value of dear china but that 'tis so brittle? Were it not for that you might as well have stone mugs in your closet.

Lady S. Hist, hist, here's Fardingale.

Enter FARDINGALE.

Fardingale. Lady Harriot, Lady Sharlot! I'll entertain you now; I've a new song just come hot out of the poet's brain. Lady Sharlot, my cousin Campley writ it, and it's set to a pretty air, I warrant you.

Lady H. 'Tis like to be pretty, indeed, of his writing. [*Flings away.*

Far. Come, come, this is not one of your tringham trangham witty things that your poor poets write; no, 'tis well known my cousin Campley has two thousand pounds a year. But this is all dissimulation in you.

Lady S. 'Tis so indeed, for your cousin's song's very pretty, Mrs. Fardingale. [*Reads.*

"Let not Love on me bestow
Soft distress and tender woe.
I know none but substantial blisses,
Eager glances, solid kisses.
I know not what the lovers feign,
Of finer pleasure mixed with pain.
Then prithee give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy."

But Harriot thinks that a little unreasonable, to expect one without enduring t'other.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. There's your cousin Campley to wait on you without.

Far. Let him come in. We shall have the song now.

Enter CAMPLEY.

Cam. Ladies, your most obedient servant. Your servant, Lady Sharlot. Servant, Lady Harriot. [*Harriot looks grave upon him.*] What's the matter, dear Lady Harriot? Not well? I protest to you I'm mightily concerned. [*Pulls out a bottle.*] This is a most excellent spirit. Snuff it up, madam.

Lady H. Pish! The familiar coxcomb frets me heartily.

Cam. 'Twill be over, I hope, immediately.

Lady S. Your cousin Fardingale has shown us some of your poetry. There's the spinnet, Mr. Campley, I know you're musical.

Cam. She should not have called it my poetry.

Far. No? Who waits there? Pray bring my lute out of the next room.

Enter SERVANT *with a lute.*

You must know I conned this song before I came in, and find it will go to an excellent air of old Mr. Lawes's, who was my mother's intimate acquaintance. My mother's, what do I talk of? I mean my grandmother's. Oh, here's the lute. Cousin Campley, hold the song upon your hat. [*Aside to him.*] 'Tis a pretty gallantry to a relation. [*Sings and squalls.*]

"Let not Love," etc.

Oh, I have left off these things many a day.

* * * * * *

Cam. Madam, from my Lord Hardy. [*Delivers a letter to Lady Sharlot.*] How do you say, my Lady Harriot? Except I sing it myself? Then I assure you I will.

Lady S. I han't patience, I must go read my letter. [*Exit.*

Cam. [*Sings.*] "Let not Love," etc.

Far. Bless me, what's become of Lady Sharlot? [*Exit.*

Lady H. Mrs. Fardingale, Mrs. Fardingale, what, must we lose you? [*Going after her.*

CAMPLEY *runs to the door, takes the key out, and locks her in.*

What means this insolence? A plot upon me? Do you know who I am?

Cam. Yes, madam, you're my Lady Harriot Lovely, with ten thousand pounds in your pocket; and I am Mr. Campley, with two thousand a year, of quality enough to pretend to you. And I do design, before I leave this room, to hear you talk like a reasonable woman, as nature has made you. Nay, 'tis in vain to flounce and discompose yourself and your dress.

Lady H. If there are swords, if they are men of honour, and not all dastards, cowards, that pretend to this injured person — [*Running round the room.*

Cam. Ay, ay, madam, let 'em come. That's putting me in my way; fighting's my trade. But you've used all mankind too ill to expect so much service. In short, madam, were you a fool, I should not desire to expostulate with you. [*Seizing her hand.*

Lady H. Unhand me, ravisher. [*Pulls her hand from him, chases round the room;* CAMPLEY *after her.*

Cam. But, madam, madam, madam, why, madam! [*Sings.*

"Prithee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you."

Lady H. Age, wrinkles, small-pox, nay, any thing that's most abhorrent to youth and bloom, were welcome in the place of so detested a creature.

Cam. No such matter, Lady Harriot. I would not be a vain coxcomb, but I know I am not detestable, nay, know where you've said as much before you understood me for your servant. Was I immediately transformed because I became your lover?

Lady H. My lover, sir! Did I ever give you reason to think I admitted you as such?

Cam. Yes, you did in your using me ill, for if you did not assume upon the score of my pretending to you, how do you answer to yourself some parts of your behaviour to me as a gentleman? 'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good sense I know you mistress of. Do but consider, madam. I have long loved you, bore with this fantastic humour through all its mazes. Nay, do not frown, for 'tis no better. I say, I have bore with this humour, but would you have me with an unmanly servitude feed it? No, I love with too sincere, too honest a devotion, and would you have your mind as faultless as your person, which 'twould be if you'd lay aside this vanity of being pursued with sighs, with flatteries, with nonsense — [*She walks about less violently, but more confused.*] Oh, my heart aches at the disturbance which I give her, but she must not see it. [*Aside.*] Had I not better tell you of it now than when you are in my power? I should be then too generous to thwart your inclination.

Lady H. That is indeed very handsomely said. Why should I not obey reason as soon as I see it? [*Aside.*]

Since so, Mr. Campley, I can, as ingenuously as I should then, acknowledge that I have been in an error.

[*Looking down on her fan.*

Cam. Nay, that's too great a condescension. Oh, excellence! I repent! I see 'twas but justice in you to demand my knees [*Kneeling.*], my sighs, my constant, tenderest regard and service. And you shall have 'em, since you are above 'em.

Lady H. Nay, Mr. Campley, you won't recall me to a fault you have so lately shown me. I will not suffer this. No more ecstasies! But pray, sir, what was't you did to get my sister out of the room?

Cam. You may know it, and I must desire you to assist my Lord Hardy there, who writ to her by me. For he is no ravisher, as you called me just now. He is now in the house, and I would fain gain an interview.

Lady H. That they may have. But they'll make little use of it: for the tongue is the instrument of speech to us of a lower form; they are of that high order of lovers who know none but eloquent silence, and can utter themselves only by a gesture that speaks their passion inexpressible — and what not fine things.

Cam. But pray let's go into your sister's closet while they are together.

Lady H. I swear I don't know how to see my sister. She'll laugh me to death to see me out of my pantofles, and you and I thus familiar. However, I know she'll approve it.

Cam. You may boast yourself an heroine to her, and the first woman that was ever vanquished by hearing truth, and had sincerity enough to receive so rough an obligation as being made acquainted with her faults. Come, madam, stand your ground bravely; we'll march in to her thus. [*She leaning on Campley.*

Lady H. Who'll believe a woman's anger more? I've betrayed the whole sex to you, Mr. Campley. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LORD HARDY *and* CAMPLEY.

Cam. My lord, her sister, who now is mine, will immediately send her hither. But be yourself. Charge her bravely. I wish she were a cannon, an eighteen-pounder, for your sake. Then I know, were there occasion, you'd be in the mouth of her.

Lord H. I long, yet fear to see her. I know I am unable to utter myself.

Cam. Come, retire here till she appears. [*They go back to the door.*

Enter LADY SHARLOT.

Lady S. Now is the tender moment now approaching. [*Aside.*] There he is. [*They approach and salute each other trembling.*] Your lordship will please to sit. [*After a very long pause, stolen glances, and irresolute gestures.*] Your lordship, I think, has travelled those parts of Italy where the armies are—

Lord H. Yes, madam.

Lady S. I think I have letters from you dated Mantua.

Lord H. I hope you have, madam, and that their purpose—

Lady S. My lord? [*Looking serious and confused.*

Lord H. Was not your ladyship going to say something?

Lady S. I only attended to what your lordship was going to say—That is, my lord—But you were, I believe, going to say something of that garden of the world, Italy. I am very sorry your misfortunes in England are such as make you justly regret your leaving that place.

Lord H. There is a person in England may make those losses insensible to me.

Lady S. Indeed, my lord, there have so very few of quality attended his majesty in the war that your birth and merit may well hope for his favour.

Lord H. I have, indeed, all the zeal in the world for his majesty's service and most grateful affection for his person, but did not then mean him.

Lady S. But can you indeed impartially say that our island is really preferable to the rest of the world, or is it an arrogance only in us to think so?

Lord H. I profess, madam, that little I have seen has but more endeared England to me; for that medley of humours which perhaps distracts our public affairs does, methinks, improve our private lives, and makes conversation more various, and consequently more pleasing. Everywhere else both men and things have the same countenance. In France you meet with much civility and little friendship; in Holland deep attention, but little reflection; in Italy all pleasure, but no mirth. But here with us, where you have everywhere pretenders or masters in everything, you can't fall into company wherein you shall not be instructed or diverted.

Lady S. I never had an account of anything from you, my lord, but I mourned the loss of my brother. You would have been so happy a companion for him, with that right sense of yours. My lord, you need not bow so obsequiously, for I do you but justice. But you sent me word of your seeing a lady in Italy very like me. Did you visit her often?

Lord H. Once or twice, but I observed her so loose a creature that I could have killed her for having your person.

Lady S. I thank you, sir; but heaven that preserves me unlike her, will, I hope, make her more like me. But your fellow-traveller — his relations themselves know not a just account of him.

Lord H. The original cause of his fever was a violent passion for a fine young woman he had not power to speak to, but I told her his regard for her as passionately as possible.

Lady S. You were to him what Mr. Campley has been to you — Whither am I running? Poor — your friend — poor gentleman!

Lord H. I hope, then, as Campley's eloquence is greater, so has been his success.

Lady S. My lord?

Lord H. Your ladyship's —

Enter LADY HARRIOT.

Lady H. Undone! Undone! Tattleaid has found by some means or other that Campley brought my Lord Hardy hither. We are utterly ruined; my lady's coming.

VI.

[From Act II., Scene 1, of *The Tender Husband*, Steele's third play, produced April 23, 1705. The main plot is strikingly moral in purpose. The chief interest lies in the means by which the penniless adventurer, Capitain Clerimont, aided by the lawyer Pounce, wins the hand of the rich and sentimental Biddy Tipkin, who has already been promised to her country cousin, Humphry Gubbin.]

Enter POUNCE, *and* CAPTAIN CLERIMONT *with his arm in a scarf.*

Pounce. You are now well enough instructed both in the aunt and niece to form your behaviour.

Capt. C. But to talk with her apart is the great matter.

Pounce. The antiquated virgin has a mighty affectation for youth, and is a great lover of men and money. One of these, at least, I am sure I can gratify her in by turning her pence in the annuities or the stocks of one of

the companies. Some way or other I'll find to entertain her and engage you with the young lady.

Capt. C. Since that is her ladyship's turn, so busy and fine a gentleman as Mr. Pounce must needs be in her good graces.

Pounce. So shall you, too. But you must not be seen with me at first meeting; I'll dog 'em, while you watch at a distance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AUNT [MRS. TIPKIN] *and* NIECE [BIDDY TIPKIN].

Niece. Was it not my gallant that whistled so charmingly in the parlour before he went out this morning? He's a most accomplished cavalier.

Aunt. Come, niece, come. You don't do well to make sport with your relations, especially with a young gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

Niece. Kindness for me! What a phrase is there to express the darts and flames, the sighs and languishings of an expecting lover!

Aunt. Pray, niece, forbear this idle trash, and talk like other people. Your cousin Humphry will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and compliment of romances.

Niece. Good madam, don't wound my ears with such expressions. Do you think I can ever love a man that's true and hearty? What a peasantlike amour do these coarse words import! True and hearty! Pray, aunt, endeavour a little at the embellishment of your style.

Aunt. Alack-a-day, cousin Biddy, these idle romances have quite turned your head.

Niece. How often must I desire you, madam, to lay aside that familiar name, cousin Biddy? I never hear it without blushing. Did you ever meet with an heroine in those idle romances, as you call 'em, that was termed Biddy?

Aunt. Ah, cousin, cousin ! These are mere vapours, indeed, nothing but vapours.

Niece. No, the heroine has always something soft and engaging in her name, something that gives us a notion of the sweetness of her beauty and behaviour. A name that glides through half a dozen tender syllables, as Elismonda, Clidamira, Deidamia, that runs upon vowels off the tongue, not hissing through one's teeth, or breaking them with consonants. 'Tis strange rudeness, those familiar names they give us, when there is Aurelia, Sacharissa, Gloriana, for people of condition ; and Celia, Chloris, Corinna, Mopsa, for their maids and those of lower rank.

Aunt. Look ye, Biddy, this is not to be supported. I know not where you learned this nicety, but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your mother was a Bridget afore you, and an excellent housewife.

Niece. Good madam, don't upbraid me with my "mother Bridget" and an "excellent housewife."

Aunt. Yes, I say she was, and spent her time in better learning than ever you did — not in reading of fights and battles of dwarfs and giants, but in writing out receipts for broths, possets, caudles, and surfeit-waters, as became a good country gentlewoman.

Niece. My mother, and a Bridget !

Aunt. Yes, niece, I say again your mother, my sister, was a Bridget, the daughter of her mother Margery, of her mother Sisly, of her mother Alice.

Niece. Have you no mercy? Oh, the barbarous genealogy !

Aunt. Of her mother Winifred, of her mother Joan.

Niece. Since you will run on, then I must needs tell you I am not satisfied in the point of my nativity. Many an infant has been placed in a cottage with obscure

parents, till by chance some ancient servant of the family has known it by its marks.

Aunt. Aye, you had best be searched. That's like your calling the winds "the fanning gales" before I don't know how much company, and the tree that was blown down by it had, forsooth, a spirit imprisoned in the trunk of it.

Niece. Ignorance!

Aunt. Then a cloud this morning had a flying dragon in it.

Niece. What eyes had you that you could see nothing? For my part I look upon it to be a prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before night. But you have a gross relish of things. What noble descriptions in romances had been lost if the writers had been persons of your gout!

Aunt. I wish the authors had been hanged and their books burnt before you had seen 'em.

Niece. Simplicity!

Aunt. A parcel of improbable lies!

Niece. Indeed, madam, your raillery is coarse.

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young girls and fill their heads with a thousand foolish dreams of I don't know what.

Niece. Nay, now, madam, you grow extravagant.

Aunt. What I say is not to vex but advise you for your good.

Niece. What, to burn Philocles, Artaxerxes, Oroondates, and the rest of the heroic lovers, and take my country booby, cousin Humphry, for a husband?

Aunt. Oh, dear! Oh, dear, Biddy! Pray, good dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the world. Come, come, you shall marry your cousin and live comfortably.

Niece. Live comfortably! What kind of life is that? A great heiress live comfortably! Pray, aunt, learn to raise your ideas. What is, I wonder, to live comfortably?

Aunt. To live comfortably is to live with prudence and frugality, as we do in Lombard Street.

* * * * * *

Niece. Oh, let's be going. I see yonder another creature, that does my uncle's law business, and has, I believe, made ready the deeds, — those barbarous deeds!

Aunt. What, Mr. Pounce a creature too? Nay, now, I'm sure you're ignorant. You shall stay, and you'll learn more wit from him in an hour than in a thousand of your foolish books in an age. Your servant, Mr. Pounce.

Enter POUNCE.

Pounce. Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt any private discourse.

Aunt. Not in the least, sir.

Pounce. I should be loth to be esteemed one of those who think they have a privilege of mixing in all companies, without any business but to bring forth a loud laugh or vain jest.

Niece. He talks with the mien and gravity of a Paladin. [*Aside.*

Pounce. Madam, I bought the other day at three and a half and sold at seven.

Aunt. Then, pray, sir, sell for me in time. Niece, mind him; he has an infinite deal of wit.

Pounce. This that I speak of was for you. I never neglect such opportunities to serve my friends.

Aunt. Indeed, Mr. Pounce, you are, I protest, without flattery, the wittiest man in the world.

Pounce. I assure you, madam, I said last night, before an hundred head of citizens, that Mrs. Bersheba Tipkin was the most ingenious young lady in the liberties.

Aunt. Well, Mr. Pounce, you are so facetious. But you are always among the great ones; 'tis no wonder you have it.

Niece. Idle! Idle!

Pounce. But, madam, you know Alderman Grey-Goose; he's a notable joking man. Well, says he, here's Mrs. Bersheba's health; she's my mistress.

Aunt. That man makes me split my sides with laughing, he's such a wag. Mr. Pounce pretends Grey-Goose said all this, but I know 'tis his own wit, for he's in love with me. [*Aside.*

Pounce. But, madam, there's a certain affair I should communicate to you. [*Apart.*

Aunt. Aye, 'tis certainly so. He wants to break his mind to me. [*Aside.*] [CAPTAIN CLERIMONT *passing.*

Pounce. Oh, Mr. Clerimont, Mr. Clerimont! Ladies, pray let me introduce this young gentleman. He's my friend, a youth of great virtue and goodness, for all he is in a red coat.

Aunt. If he's your friend, we need not doubt his virtue.

Capt. C. Ladies, you are taking the cool breath of the morning.

Niece. A pretty phrase. [*Aside.*

Aunt. That's the pleasantest time this warm weather.

Capt. C. Oh, 'tis the season of the pearly dews and gentle zephyrs.

Niece. Aye! Pray mind that again, aunt. [*Aside.*

Pounce. Shan't we repose ourselves on yonder seat? I love improving company and to communicate.

Aunt. 'Tis certainly so. He's in love with me, and wants opportunity to tell me so. [*Aside.*] I don't care if we do. He's a most ingenious man.

[*Exeunt* AUNT *and* POUNCE.

Capt. C. We enjoy here, madam, all the pretty landscape of the country without the pains of going thither.

Niece. Art and nature are in a rivalry, or rather a confederacy, to adorn this beauteous park with all the agreeable variety of water, shade, walks, and air. What can be more charming than these flowery lawns?

Capt. C. Or these gloomy shades?

Niece. Or these embroidered valleys?

Capt. C. Or that transparent stream?

Niece. Or these bowing branches on the banks of it, that seem to admire their own beauty in the crystal mirror?

Capt. C. I am surprised, madam, at the delicacy of your phrase. Can such expressions come from Lombard Street?

Niece. Alas, sir, what can be expected from an innocent virgin that has been immured almost one and twenty years from the conversation of mankind, under the care of an Urganda of an aunt?

Capt. C. Bless me, madam, how have you been abused! Many a lady before your age has had an hundred lances broken in her service and as many dragons cut to pieces in honour of her.

Niece. Oh, the charming man! [*Aside.*

Capt. C. Do you believe Pamela was one and twenty before she knew Musidorus?

Niece. I could hear him ever. [*Aside.*

Capt. C. A lady of your wit and beauty might have given occasion for a whole romance in folio before that age.

Niece. Oh, the powers! Who can he be? Oh, youth unknown, — but let me, in the first place, know whom I talk to, for, sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your person and your history. You seem, indeed, by your

deportment and the distinguishing mark of your bravery which you bear, to have been in a conflict. May I not know what cruel beauty obliged you to such adventures till she pitied you?

Capt. C. Oh, the pretty coxcomb! [*Aside.*] Oh, Blenheim, Blenheim! Oh, Cordelia, Cordelia!

Niece. You mention the place of battle. I would fain hear an exact description of it. Our public papers are so defective; they don't so much as tell us how the sun rose on that glorious day. Were there not a great many flights of vultures before the battle began?

Capt. C. Oh, madam, they have eaten up half my acquaintance.

Niece. Certainly never birds of prey were so feasted; by report, they might have lived half a year on the very legs and arms our troops left behind them.

Capt. C. Had we not fought near a wood we should never have got legs enough to have come home upon. The joiner of the Foot Guards has made his fortune by it.

Niece. I shall never forgive your general. He has put all my ancient heroes out of countenance; he has pulled down Cyrus and Alexander as much as Louis le Grand. But your own part in that action?

Capt. C. Only that slight hurt. For the astrologer said at my nativity, nor fire, nor sword, nor pike, nor musket shall destroy this child; let him but avoid fair eyes. But, madam, mayn't I crave the name of her that has so captivated my heart?

Niece. I can't guess who you mean by that description; but, if you ask my name, I must confess you put me upon revealing what I always keep as the greatest secret I have: for would you believe it? — they have called me — I don't know how to own it — but they have called me — Bridget.

Capt. C. Bridget?

Niece. Bridget.

Capt. C. Bridget?

Niece. Spare my confusion, I beseech you, sir; and if you have occasion to mention me, let it be by Parthenissa, for that's the name I have assumed ever since I came to years of discretion.

Capt. C. The insupportable tyranny of parents, to fix names on helpless infants which they must blush at all their lives after! I don't think there's a surname in the world to match it.

Niece. No! What do you think of Tipkin?

Capt. C. Tipkin! Why, I think, if I was a young lady who had it, I'd part with it immediately.

Niece. Pray, how would you get rid of it?

Capt. C. I'd change it for another. I could recommend to you three very pretty syllables. What do you think of Clerimont?

Niece. Clerimont! Clerimont! Very well. But what right have I to it?

Capt. C. If you will give me leave, I'll put you in possession of it. By a very few words I can make it over to you and your children after you.

Niece. Oh, fie, whither are you running! You know a lover should sigh in private and languish whole years before he reveals his passion; he should retire into some solitary grove and make the woods and wild beasts his confidants. You should have told it to the echo half a year before you had discovered it even to my handmaid. And yet besides — to talk to me of children! Did you ever hear of a heroine with a big belly?

Capt. C. What can a lover do, madam, now the race of giants is extinct? Had I lived in those days, there had not been a mortal six feet high but should have

owned Parthenissa for the paragon of beauty or measured his length on the ground. Parthenissa should have been heard by the brooks and deserts at midnight, the echo's burden and the river's murmur.

Niece. That had been a golden age indeed! But, see, my aunt has left her grave companion and is coming towards us. I command you to leave me.

Capt. C. Thus Oroondates, when Statira dismissed him her presence, threw himself at her feet and implored permission but to live. [*Offering to kneel.*

Niece. And thus Statira raised him from the earth, permitting him to live and love. [*Exit* CAPT. CLERIMONT.

VII.

[From the Prologue to Vanbrugh's *The Mistake*, first produced December 27, 1705.]

Our author's wit and raillery to-night
Perhaps might please, but that your stage-delight
No more is in your minds, but ears and sight.
With audiences composed of belles and beaux,
The first dramatic rule is, have good clothes.
To charm the gay spectator's gentle breast
In lace and feather tragedy's expressed,
And heroes die unpitied if ill dressed.
The other style you full as well advance;
If 'tis a comedy, you ask — Who dance?
For oh! what dire convulsions have of late
Torn and distracted each dramatic state,
On this great question, which house first should sell
The new French steps imported by Ruel?

VIII.

[Letters to Mary Scurlock, afterwards Mrs. Steele, 1707–8.]

I.

Madam 1707.

I came to Your house this night to wait on You, but You have commanded me to expect the happinesse of Seeing You at another time of more Leisure. I am now under Your own Roof while I write, and that imaginary satisfaction of being so near You tho' not in Your presence has in it something that touches me with so tender Ideas that it is impossible for me to describe their Force. All great passion makes us dumb, and the highest happinesse as well as highest Greif seizes us too Violently to be express'd by Our Words.

You Are so Good as to Let me Know I shall have the honour of Seeing You when I next come Here. I will live upon that Expectation, and meditate on y^r^ perfections till that happy Hour. The Vainest Woman upon Earth never saw in her Glasse half the attractions which I veiw in you, your Air, y^r^ Shape, Your Every glance Motion and Gesture have such peculiar Graces that you possesse my whole Soul, and I know no life but in the hopes of your approbation; I know not what to say but that I Love y^u^ with the Sincerest passion that ever enter'd the Heart of Man. I will make it the businesse of my Life to find out means of Convincing You that I prefer y^u^ to All that's pleasing upon earth.

I am, Madam,

Y^r^ Most Obedient, Most Faithful Hum^ble^ Sv^nt^

Rich^D^ Steele.

2.

Aug. 16, 1707.

Madam,

Before the light this morning dawn'd upon the Earth I awak'd and lay in expectation of its return, not that it could give any new sense of Joy to me, but as I hop'd it would blesse you with It's chearfull face, after a quiet which I wish'd you last night. If my Prayers are heard the day appear'd with all the influence of a merciful Creator upon Your person and actions. Let others, my Lovely Charmer, talk of a Blind Being that disposes their Hearts, I contemn their low images of Love. I have not a thought which relates to You that I cannot with Confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in. May He direct You in all Your steps, and reward Your Innocence, Your Sanctity of manners, Your prudent Youth, and becoming piety, with the Continuance of His Grace and Protection. This is an unusuall Language to Ladies, but You have a mind elevated above the Giddy motions of a Sex insnar'd by Flattery, and misled by a False and short adoration into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest Creature, palls in the possession, but I Love also Your mind; Your Soul is as dear to me as my Own, And if the Advantages of a Liberall Education, some Knowledge and as much contempt of the world Join'd with the Endeavours towards a life of Strict Vertue and Religion, can qualifie Me to raise new Ideas in a breast so well dispos'd as Yours is, our days will passe away with Joy, and old Age instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of Eternall Youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my Employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have Writ, therefore beseech You to

pardon the first hints of my mind which I have express'd in so little order.

I am, Dearest Creature,

Yr Most Obedient Most devoted Sernt

RichD Steele.

3.

1707,

Ld Sunderland's Office.

Madam

With what Language shall I addresse my Lovely Fair to acquaint Her with the Sentiments of an Heart she delights to Torture? I have not a minute's Quiet out of yr sight; and, when I'me with You, You Use me with so much distance, that I am still in a State of Absence heightened with a View of the Charms which I am deny'd to Approach. In a word You must give Me either a Fan, a Mask or a Glove, you have Wore or I cannot Live, otherwise You must expect I'le Kiss Your hand, or when I next sit by You Steal Your Handkerchief. You Your self are too Great a Bounty to be receiv'd at Once therefore I must be prepar'd by degrees least the Mighty Gift distract Me with Joy. Dear Mrs. Scurlock I'me tired with calling you by that name therefore Say the day in which Youle take that of, Madam,

Yr Most Obedient Most devoted Hubl Sernt

RichD Steele.

4.

Smith Street, Westminster,

Madam 1707.

I lay down last night with yr Image in my thoughts, and have awak'd this morning in the same contemplation. The pleasing Transport with which I'me delighted,

has a sweetnesse in it attended with a Train of Ten thousand soft desires, anxieties, and cares; The day arises on my hopes with new Brightnesse; Youth Beauty and Innocence are the charming objects that Steal me from myself, and give me Joys above the reach of Ambition pride or Glory. Beleive Me, Fair One, to throw myself at y^r^ Feet is giving my self the highest blisse I know on Earth. Oh hasten Ye Minutes! bring on the happy Morning wherein to be ever her's will make me look down on Thrones! Dear Molly I am tenderly, passionately, faithfully Thine,

RICH^D^ STEELE.

5.

SATURDAY NIGHT [*Aug. 30, 1707*].

Dear, Lovely Mrs. Scurlock,

I have been in very good company, where your Health, under the Character of the Woman I lov'd best has been often drank, So that I may Say I am Dead Drunk for Your sake, which is more y^n^ I die for you. Y^rs^,

R. STEELE.

6.

SN^T^. JAMES COFFEE-HOUSE,
Sep^br^ 1st, 1707.

Madam,

It is the hardest thing in the World to be in Love and yet attend businesse. As for Me, all who speake to Me find Me out, and I must Lock my self up, or other people will do it for Me.

A Gentleman ask'd Me this Morning what news from Lisbon, and I answer'd, She's Exquisitly handsome. Another desir'd to know when I had been last at Hampton-Court, I reply'd Twill be on Tuesday come se'nnight.

Prithee Allow Me at least to Kisse Your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some Composure. Oh Love !

> A thousand Torments dwell about Thee,
> Yet who would Live to Live without Thee ?

Methinks I could write a Volume to You, but all the Language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion, I am Ever Yrs,

RICHD STEELE.

7.

Sepbr 2d, 1707, between One and Two.

Dear Creature,

Ever since sev'n this morning I have been in Company, but have stole a moment to Pour out the fullnesse of my thoughts, and complain to You of the Interruption that Impertinent amusement call'd businesse has giv'n me amidst my Contemplation on the best of Women, and the most Agreeable object that ever Charm'd the Heart of Man. I am, Dearest Lovelyest Creature

Eternally Thine, R. STEELE.

8.

Octbr 6th, 1707.

Dear Creature

I write to tell You before hand that I am not in a very good Humour, but all shall vanish at Her sight whome Providence has giv'n me for the banishment of Care, and the improvement of delight to

Yr Most Oblig'd Husband & Most Humble Sernt,

RICHD STEELE.

9.

Octbr 8th, 1707.

My Dear Wife,

You were not I am sure awake so soon as I was for You, and desir'd the blessing of God upon You. After

that first duty my next is to let you know I am in health this morning which I know you are sollicitous for. I beleive it would not be amisse if some time this afternoon you tooke a Coach or chair and went to see an house next door to Lady Bulkely's towards S^nt^ James's Street which is to be Lett. I have a solid reason for Quickening my diligence in all affairs of the World, which is that you are my partaker in 'em, and will make me labour more than any incitation of Ambition, or Wealth could do. After I have implor'd the help of Providence I will have no motive to my Actions but y^e^ love of the best Creature living to whome I am an Obedient Husband,

RICH^D^ STEELE.

10.

MONDAY MORNING, *Octbr 13th, 1707.*

Dear Madam,

This comes to begg y^r^ pardon for every Act of Rebellion I have ever committed against You, and to subscribe my self in an errour for being impatient of Your kind concern in interesting Your self with so much affection [in] all which relates to me. I do not Question but y^r^ prudence will be a lasting honour and advantage to Me in all the occurences of my Life ; the cheif happinesse in it is that I have the honor of being

Y^r^ Most Oblig'd Husband & Most Humble Serv^nt^,

RICH^D^ STEELE.

11.

Debr 8th, 1707.

Dear Ruler,

I can't Wait upon you to-day to Hampton-Court. I have the West-Indian businesse on my hands and find very much to be done before Thursday's post. I shall

dine at Our Table at Court where the Bearer knows how to come to me with any Orders for

Yr Obedient Husband & Most Humble Sernt,

RICHD STEELE.

My duty to my Mother.

12.

Jan. 3d, 1708.

DEVIL TAVERN, TEMPLE-BAR.

Dear Prue

I have partly succeeded in my businesse to-day & enclose two Guinneas as earnest of more. Dear Prue I can't come home to dinner. I languish for yr Welfare and will never be a moment carelesse more.

Yr Faithfull Husband R: STEELE.

Send me word you have received this.

13.

Eleven at Night, Jan. 5th, 1708.

Dear Prue,

I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr Griffith who has kept me ever since meeting me as he came from Mr Lambert's. I'le come within a Pint of Wine. R: S:

We drink yr health, and Mr Griffith is yr Sernt.

14.

Jan. 14th, 1708.

Dear Wife,

Mr Edgecomb, Ned Ash, and Mr Lumley have desir'd Me to sitt an hour with them at the George in Pall-Mall for which I desire your patience till twelve of clock and that you will go to bed.

I am Ever Thine, RICHD STEELE.

15.

Feb. 3d, 1708, GREY'S INN.

Dear Prue

If the man who has my shoemaker's bill calls let Him be answer'd that I shall call on Him as I come home. I stay Here in Order to get Tonson to discount a Bill for Me and shall dine with Him for that end. He is expected at home every minute.

Yr Most Humble Obedient Husband

RICHD STEELE.

16.

TENNIS COURT COFFEE-HOUSE,
May 5th, 1708.

Dear Wife

I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the mean time shall lye this night at a Barbers, one Legg, over against the Devill Tavern at Charing Crosse. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me Uneasy and shall have the Satisfaction to see thee Chearfull and at Ease.

If the Printer's boy be at Home send Him hither, and let Mrs Todd send by the Boy my Night-Gown, Slippers & Clean Linnen. You shall Hear from me early in the morning.

17.

May 19th, 1708.
LD SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE,
11 OF CLOCK.

Dear Prue,

I desire of You to gett the Coach and yr Self ready as soon as You can conveniently and call for Me here from Whence We will go and Spend some time together in the fresh Air in free Conference. Let my best Periwigg be

put in the Coach Box and my New Shoes for 't is a Comfort to be well dress'd in agreeable Company. You are Vitall Life to

Yr Oblig'd Affectionate Husband & Humble Sernt,

RICHD STEELE.

18.

May 25th [*1708*].

ALMOST ONE OF CLOCK, D. SUNDERLAND'S OFFICE.

Dear Prue,

I wish Sleeping so long this morning after I came to Work may not do you harm. I design to dine at Court, After which I shall return to the office and shall be glad of a Visitt there from so Agreeable a Lady as Your self.

I am yrs Unreservedly

RICHD STEELE.

19.

June 5th, 1708.

Dear Prue,

What you would have me do I know not. All that my fortune will compasse you shall always enjoy, and have no body near you that You do not like except I am myself disapproved by You for being devotedly Yr Obedient Husband RICHD STEELE.

I shan't come home till night.

20.

June 7th, 1708.

Dear Prue,

I enclose to you a Guinnea for yr Pockett. I dine with Ld Hallifax.

I wish I knew how to Court you into Good-Humour, for Two or Three Quarrells more will dispatch Me quite.

If you have any Love for Me beleive I am always pursuing our Mutual Good. Pray consider that all My little fortune is to [be] settled this month and that I have inadvertently made my self Liable to Impatient People who take all advantages. If you have [not] patience I shall transact my businesse rashly and Lose a very great sum to Quicken the time of y^r^ being ridd of all people you don't like.

Y^rs^ Ever RICH^D^ STEELE.

21.

Augst 12^th^, 1708.

Madam

I have your letter wherein you let me know that the little dispute we have had is far from being a Trouble to you, nevertheless I assure you any disturbance between Us is the greatest affliction to me imaginable. You talk of the Judgement of the World I shall never govern my Actions by y^t^, but by the rules of morality and right reason. I Love you better than the light of my Eyes or the life-blood in my Heart but when I have lett you know that you are also to understand that neither my sight shall be so far inchanted or my affection so much master of me as to make me forgett our Common Interest. To attend my businesse as I ought, and improve my fortune it is necessary that my time and my Will should be under no direction but my own. Pray give my most Humble Service to M^rs^ Binns. I write all this rather to explain my own thoughts to You than answer Your letter distinctly. I inclose it to You that upon second thoughts you may see the disrespectfull manner in which you Treat

Y^r^ Affectionate Faithfull Husband

R. STEELE.

22.

Monday Morning, Augst 16th, 1708.

Dear Prue

I hope you have compos'd Your mind and are convinc'd that the methods I have taken were absolutely necessary for our Mutuall Good. I do assure You that there is not that thing on earth except my Honour and that dignity which every man who lives in the world must preserve to Himself, which I am not ready to sacrifice to yr Will and inclination.

I din'd yesterday with my Lord Hallifax where the Beauties in the Garden were drank to. I have settled a great deal of business within these few days, of all which I will give you an account when We meet. I am with the most sincere affection

yr Oblig'd Husband R. STEELE.

I sent you some Tea on Friday last. My most Humble Service to Mrs Binns

23.

Septbr 19th, 1708, five in the Evening.

Dear Prue

I send you seven-pen'orth of wall nutts at five a penny Which is the greatest proof I can give you at present of my being with my whole Heart

Yrs RICHD STEELE.

The little Horse comes back with the Boy who returns with him for Me on Wednesday evening. In the meantime I beleive it will be well that He run in the Park.

Ime Mrs Binn's Servant.

Since I writ this I came to the place where the Boy was order'd with the Horses and not finding him sent

this Bearer lest you should be in fears the Boy not returning.

There are but 29 Walnutts.

24.

Octbr 8th, 1708.

Dear Prue

This brings you a Quarter of a pound of Bohee, and as much of Green Tea, Both which I hope you will find good. Tomorrow morning Yr Favourite Mr Addison and I shall sett out for Hampton-Court, He to meet some great men there, I to see You, who am but what you make me.

Yrs with the Utmost Fondnesse RICHD STEELE.

25.

March 11th, 1708–9.

Dear Prue

I enclose five guinneas, but can't come home to dinner. Dear Little Woman take care of thy Self, and eat and drink Chearfully.

RICHD STEELE.

IX.

[From the *Tatler*, 1709–11.]

[No. 1.]

QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES NOSTRI FARRAGO LIBELLI.

Tuesday, April 12, 1709.

Though the other papers which are published for the use of the good people of England have certainly very wholesome effects and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who

are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think ; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall from time to time report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve also to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honour of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present *gratis*, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not upon a dearth of news present you with musty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner :

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house ; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house ; learning, under

the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from Saint James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment.

I once more desire my reader to consider that, as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under twopence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under sixpence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney at Saint James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny a piece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.

* * * * * * *

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT.

I am sorry I am obliged to trouble the public with so much discourse upon a matter which I at the very first mentioned as a trifle, *viz.*, the death of Mr. Partridge, under whose name there is an almanack come out for the year 1709, in one page of which it is asserted by the said John Partridge that he is still living, and not only so, but that he was also living some time before, and even at the instant when I writ of his death. I have in another place, and in a paper by itself, sufficiently convinced this man

that he is dead, and if he has any shame, I don't doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance: for though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may still appear and perform their animal functions, yet since, as I have elsewhere observed, his art is gone, the man is gone. I am, as I said, concerned that this little matter should make so much noise; but since I am engaged, I take myself obliged in honour to go on in my lucubrations, and, by the help of these arts of which I am master, as well as my skill in astrological speculations, I shall, as I see occasion, proceed to confute other dead men, who pretend to be in being, that they are actually deceased. I therefore give all men fair warning to mend their manners; for I shall from time to time print bills of mortality, and I beg the pardon of all such who shall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing shall find themselves in the number of the deceased.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE HOUSE,

[No. 25.] *June 6* [*1709*].

. . . . As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank, though all mankind is convinced that a fighting gamester is only a pickpocket with the courage of an highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation, which occasions very frequently that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by

combat; and show, from their practice, that this resentment neither has its foundation from true reason or solid fame, but is an imposture made up of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public, and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuity of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called "giving a man satisfaction" to urge your offence against him with your sword, which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper, in *The Tale of a Tub:* "If you neglect to do all this, damn you and your generation forever; and so we bid you heartily farewell." If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained, and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?

Sir,

Your extraordinary behaviour last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde Park an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavor to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say you are a rascal on every post in town; and so, sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, sir, do not fail of

getting everything ready, and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your most obedient, humble servant, etc.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE HOUSE,
[No. 27.] *June 9* [*1709*].

. . . . As a Rake among men is a man who lives in the constant abuse of his reason, so a Coquette among women is one who lives in continual misapplication of her beauty. The chief of all, whom I have the honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Mrs. Toss; she is ever in practice of something which disfigures her and takes from her charms, though all she does tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally a very agreeable voice and utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at every one she passes by she believes much more becoming. The Cupid on her fan and she have their eyes full on each other, all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object, you may have a glance, and your bow, if she is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the presence of a man of greater quality, for Mrs. Toss is so thoroughly well-bred that the chief person present has all her regards. And she who giggles at divine service and laughs at her very mother can compose herself at the approach of a man of a good estate.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,
[No. 30.] *June 16* [*1709*].

The vigilance, the anxiety, the tenderness, which I have for the good people of England, I am persuaded will in time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will be ever rewarded. However, I must go on

cheerfully in my work of reformation: that being my great design, I am studious to prevent my labour's increasing upon me; therefore am particularly observant of the temper and inclinations of childhood and youth, that we may not give vice and folly supplies from the growing generation. It is hardly to be imagined how useful this study is, and what great evils or benefits arise from putting us in our tender years to what we are fit or unfit: therefore, on Tuesday last (with a design to sound their inclinations) I took three lads who are under my guardianship a-rambling, in a hackney-coach, to show them the town, as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam, and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds, because they strike forcibly on the fancy. The boys are brothers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The first was his father's darling, the second his mother's, and the third is mine, who am their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius; but, being at the upper end of a great school, and having all the boys below him, his arrogance is unsupportable. If I begin to show a little of my Latin, he immediately interrupts: "Uncle, under favour, that which you say is not understood in that manner." "Brother," says my boy Jack, "you do not show your manners much in contradicting my uncle Isaac!" "You queer cur," says Mr. William, "do you think my uncle takes any notice of such a dull rogue as you are?" Mr. William goes on, "He is the most stupid of all my mother's children: he knows nothing of his book; when he should mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his taws and marbles, or laying up farthings. His way of thinking is, four-and-twenty farthings make sixpence, and two sixpences a shilling, two shillings and sixpence half-a-crown, and two half-crowns five shillings. So within these two months the close hunks has scraped up

twenty shillings, and we 'll make him spend it all before he comes home." Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets, and turns as pale as ashes. There is nothing touches a parent (and such I am to Jack) so nearly as a provident conduct. This lad has in him the true temper for a good husband, a kind father, and an honest executor. All the great people you see make considerable figures on the Change, in the court, and sometimes in senates, are such as in reality have no greater faculty than what may be called human instinct, which is a natural tendency to their own preservation, and that of their friends, without being capable of striking out of the road for adventures. There 's Sir William Scrip was of this sort of capacity from his childhood ; he has bought the country round him, and makes a bargain better than Sir Harry Wildfire with all his wit and humour. Sir Harry never wants money but he comes to Scrip, laughs at him half an hour, and then gives bond for t'other thousand. The close men are incapable of placing merit any where but in their pence, and therefore gain it ; while others, who have larger capacities, are diverted from the pursuit by enjoyments which can be supported only by that cash which they despise, and therefore are in the end slaves to their inferiors both in fortune and understanding. I once heard a man of excellent sense observe, that more affairs in the world failed by being in the hands of men of too large capacities for their business than by being in the conduct of such as wanted abilities to execute them. Jack, therefore, being of a plodding make, shall be a citizen; and I design him to be the refuge of the family in their distress, as well as their jest in prosperity. His brother Will shall go to Oxford with all speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a man of sense, he will soon be informed wherein he is a coxcomb. There is in that place

such a true spirit of raillery and humour that, if they can't make you a wise man, they will certainly let you know you are a fool, which is all my cousin wants to cease to be so. Thus, having taken these two out of the way, I have leisure to look at my third lad. I observe in the young rogue a natural subtilty of mind, which discovers itself rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occasion, than in any visible way of exerting himself in discourse. For which reason I will place him where, if he commits no faults, he may go farther than those in other stations, though they excel in virtues. The boy is well-fashioned and will easily fall into a graceful manner; wherefore I have a design to make him a page to a great lady of my acquaintance, by which means he will be well skilled in the common modes of life, and make a greater progress in the world by that knowledge than with the greatest qualities without it. A good mien in a court will carry a man greater lengths than a good understanding in any other place. We see a world of pains taken, and the best years of life spent, in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life; and after all, the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of clothes, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is, that wisdom, valour, justice, and learning can't keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellencies, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour called good-breeding. A man endowed with great perfections, without this, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE HOUSE,
[No. 60.] *August 26* [*1709*].

To proceed regularly in the history of my worthies, I ought to give you an account of what has passed from day to day in this place; but a young fellow of my acquaintance has so lately been rescued out of the hands of the knights of the industry, that I rather choose to relate the manner of his escape from 'em, and the uncommon way which was used to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended diary. You are to know, then, that Tom Wildair is a student of the Inner Temple, and has spent his time, since he left the University for that place, in the common diversions of men of fashion, that is to say, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father, but was led into the last by the conversation of a partizan of the Myrmidons who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors, and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself in a way of life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the distresses, and entertainments in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow, to know how to behave himself on such important occasions as the welfare of his son and the safety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected that necessity was

the usual snare which made men fall into meanness, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honest mind; he resolved, therefore, to save him from his ruin by giving him opportunities of tasting what it is to be at ease, and inclosed to him the following order upon Sir Tristram Cash.

Sir,

Pray pay to Mr. Thomas Wildair, or order, the sum of one thousand pounds, and place it to the account of

Yours, HUMPHREY WILDAIR.

Tom was so astonished with the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at Sir Tristram's, yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him until he writ to his father the following letter:

Honoured Father,

I have received an order under your hand for a thousand pounds, in words at length, and I think I could swear it is your hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thousand times. There is in plain letters, *T,h,o,u,s,a,n,d:* and after it the letters *P,o,u,n,d,s.* I have it still by me, and shall, I believe, continue reading it until I hear from you.

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of his letter, but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this second letter was unspeakable. He immediately doublelocked his door and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read 'em till he was half mad, he walked six or seven turns in his chamber,

then opens his door, then locks it again; and, to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and locking himself in, reads his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after, he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and, with a design to compose himself, he immediately betakes him to his nightcap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed, therefore, he goes at noon-day, but soon rose again and resolved to visit Sir Tristram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying him money; but no such thing being said, "Look you, Sir Tristram," said he, "you are to know that an affair has happened, which —" "Look you," says Tristram, "I know, Mr. Wildair, you are going to desire me to advance, but the late call of the bank, where I have not yet made my last payment, has obliged me —" Tom interrupted him by showing him the bill of a thousand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed Tom's looks and countenance, "Look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand pounds —" Before he could proceed, he shows him the order for three thousand more. Sir Tristram examined the orders at the light, and, finding at the writing the name there was a certain stroke in one letter which the father and he had agreed should be to such directions as he desired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The possession

of four thousand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts; he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son have an exact and regular correspondence, with mutual and unreserved confidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most safe banker he could have in the city.

[No. 82.]

UBI IDEM ET MAXIMUS ET HONESTISSIMUS AMOR EST, ALIQUANDO PRAESTAT MORTE JUNGI, QUAM VITA DISTRAHI.

VAL. MAX.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,
October 17 [*1709*].

. . . . Incidents of this nature are the more moving when they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light, except we gather their sorrow from their inability to speak it.

I have two original letters written both on the same day, which are to me exquisite in their different kinds. The occasion was this. A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he himself was, in a village in Westmoreland, and made 'em set out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid. They had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage,

from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father:

March 18, 1672.

Sir,

After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother, though he says your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful son, T. D.

The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel — I am the happiest man breathing.

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presenting it to her, said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery: "Now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your

hair —" "Give fire!" said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. "Will," said he, "did you charge these pistols?" He answered, "Yes." Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

Sir,

I who two hours ago told you truly, I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him I have murdered for it. Such is my wedding day, —— I will immediately follow my wife to her grave; but, before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man! —— Remember, he that killed your daughter, died for it. In the article of death I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.

[No. 94.]

SI NON ERRASSET, FECERAT ILLE MINUS. — MART.

WILL'S COFFEE HOUSE,
November 14 [*1709*].

That which we call gallantry to women seems to be the heroic virtue of private persons; and there never breathed one man, who did not, in that part of his days wherein he was recommending himself to his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary course of life. As this has a very

great effect even upon the most slow and common men, so, upon such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit, it shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence: it gives new grace to the most eminent accomplishments, and he, who of himself has either wit, wisdom, or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments, when he becomes a lover, with a certain beauty of action above what was ever observed in him before; and all who are without any one of these qualities, are to be looked upon as the rabble of mankind.

I was talking after this manner in a corner of this place with an old acquaintance, who, taking me by the hand, said, "Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse recalls to my mind a story, which I have longed to tell you ever since I read that article wherein you desire your friends to give you accounts of obscure merit." The story I had of him is literally true and well known to be so in the country wherein the circumstances were transacted. He acquainted me with the names of the persons concerned, which I shall change into feigned ones, there being a respect due to their families, that are still in being, as well as that the names themselves would not be so familiar to an English ear. The adventure really happened in Denmark; and if I can remember all the passages, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers as it was to me.

Clarinda and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe and the guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo's, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwith-

standing the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman; but the person beloved was Chloe. It happened that both of them were at a play in a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there (as well as in most countries of Europe) both for men and women to appear in masks and disguises. It was on that memorable night in the year 1679, when the play-house, by some unhappy accident, was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was, burst open the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms, and, with unspeakable resolution and good fortune, carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd but he set her down, and, grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover, "How happy am I," says he, "in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of showing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it." "My dear, dear Philander," says the lady, pulling off her mask, "this is not a time for art; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved, and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it." Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda! After a short pause, "Madam," says he, with the looks of a dead man, "we are both mistaken," and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out, "Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me in the theatre!" Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the house of the good old unhappy

Romeo. Philander was now pressing against a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and striving to enter with more earnestness than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe stood, expecting her fate amidst this scene of terror and distraction. She revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderness not to be expressed, and, amidst a thousand sobs and sighs, told her his love and his dreadful mistake. The stage was now in flames and the whole house full of smoke; the entrance was quite barred up with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out; swords were drawn, shrieks heard on all sides; and in short, no possibility of an escape for Philander himself, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above such a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire surrounds them, while—I cannot go on—

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me that there must be an hereafter: for who can believe that so much virtue could meet with so great distress without a following reward? As for my part, I am so old-fashioned as firmly to believe that all who perish in such generous enterprises are relieved from the further exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits. What else can wipe away our tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable distresses? It was a sublime thought in some of the heathens of old:

——— "Quae gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

That is, in other words, "The same employments and inclinations which were the entertainment of virtuous men upon earth, make up their happiness in Elysium."

[No. 95.]

INTEREA DULCES PENDENT CIRCUM OSCULA NATI,
CASTA PUDICITIAM SERVAT DOMUS. VIRG.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,
November 16 [*1709*].

There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is, to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither: the boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me, runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me, for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our

discourse at the first entrance. After which they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters: upon which, the gentleman, my friend, said, "Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there 's Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them: but I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her." With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand; "Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered, since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was, for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the discourse, said I, "She is not, indeed, quite that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you, and told me, she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her who had never offended me, but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember, I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his

sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen." "Fifteen?" replied my good friend, "Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot with any sort of moderation think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned, by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn

now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I knew the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of the battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was. Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady, observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and, applying herself to me, said, with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you; I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintance and school-fellows are here, young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out open-breasted." My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. "Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed

me one night from the play-house ; supposing you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box." This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, "I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a toast."

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room ; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on t'other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Æsop's Fables ; but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true ; for which reason, I found, he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son ; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickarthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England ; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of dis-

cretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. "Betty" (says she) "deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed."

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and, I must confess, it struck me with a secret concern to reflect that whenever I go off, I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

[No. 132.]

HABEO SENECTUTI MAGNAM GRATIAM, QUAE MIHI SERMONIS AVIDITATEM AUXIT, POTIONIS ET CIBI SUSTULIT.

TULL. DE SENECT.

SHEER LANE, *February 10* [*1710*].

After having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy, honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it

takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity which is the condition of a thinking man when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the *Trumpet*, of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number: in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the aforementioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffrey Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices, for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured, indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes, and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at anything that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are."

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distichs of *Hudibras* without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town-frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dulness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something respected by others, though at the same time I understand by their behaviour that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning but no knowledge of the world; insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the Philosopher, and Sir Jeoffrey no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then

in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at six o'clock in the evening; but I did not come last evening until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the Major usually begins at about three-quarters after six; I found also, that my good friend the bencher had already spent three of his distichs, and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where "a stick" rhymes to "ecclesiastic." At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat but Sir Jeoffrey, to show his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me; and, therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock, upon whose head the knight in his youth had won five hundred pounds and lost two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon the account of Edge-hill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and upon all occasions winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty gathers circumstances every time he tells it, till it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing, that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says,

"His tongue dropped manna."

[No. 135.]

QUOD SI IN HOC ERRO, QUOD ANIMOS HOMINUM IMMORTALES ESSE CREDAM, LIBENTER ERRO; NEC MIHI HUNC ERROREM, QUO DELECTOR, DUM VIVO, EXTORQUERI VOLO: SIN MORTUUS, UT QUIDAM MINUTI PHILOSOPHI CENSENT, NIHIL SENTIAM, NON VEREOR, NE HUNC ERROREM MEUM MORTUI PHILOSOPHI IRRIDEANT. TULL.

SHEER LANE, *February 17* [*1710*].

Several letters which I have lately received give me information that some well-disposed persons have taken offence at my using the word free-thinker as a term of reproach. To set therefore this matter in a clear light, I must declare that no one can have a greater veneration than myself for the free-thinkers of antiquity, who acted the same part in those times as the great men of the reformation did in several nations of Europe, by exerting themselves against the idolatry and superstition of the times in which they lived. It was by this noble impulse that Socrates and his disciples, as well as all the philosophers of note in Greece, and Cicero, Seneca, with all the learned men of Rome, endeavoured to enlighten their contemporaries amidst the darkness and ignorance in which the world was then sunk and buried. The great points which these free-thinkers endeavoured to establish and inculcate into the minds of men, was the formation of the universe, the superintendency of providence, the perfection of the divine nature, the immortality of the soul, and the future state of rewards and punishments. They all complied with the religion of their country, as much as possible, in such particulars as did not contradict and pervert these great and fundamental doctrines of mankind. On the contrary, the persons who now set up for free-thinkers are such as endeavour, by a little trash of words and sophistry, to weaken and destroy

those very principles, for the vindication of which freedom of thought at first became laudable and heroic. These apostates from reason and good sense can look at the glorious frame of nature without paying an adoration to Him that raised it; can consider the great revolutions in the universe without lifting up their minds to that superior power which hath the direction of it; can presume to censure the Deity in his ways towards men; can level mankind with the beasts that perish; can extinguish in their own minds all the pleasing hopes of a future state, and lull themselves into a stupid security against the terrors of it. If one were to take the word priestcraft out of the mouths of these shallow monsters, they would be immediately struck dumb. It is by the help of this single term that they endeavour to disappoint the good works of the most learned and venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant against the very light of nature and the common received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat such miscreants as these upon the foot of fair disputants, but to pour out contempt upon them, and speak of them with scorn and infamy, as the pests of society, the revilers of human nature, and the blasphemers of a Being whom a good man would rather die than hear dishonoured. Cicero, after having mentioned the great heroes of knowledge that recommended this divine doctrine of the immortality of the soul, calls those small pretenders to wisdom who declared against it, "certain minute philosophers," using a diminutive even of the word *little*, to express the despicable opinion he had of them. The contempt he throws upon them in another passage is yet more remarkable, where, to show the mean thoughts he entertains of them, he declares, "he would rather be in the wrong with Plato than in the right with such company." There is, indeed, nothing in the world so ridiculous

as one of these grave philosophical free-thinkers, that hath neither passions nor appetites to gratify, no heats of blood nor vigour of constitution that can turn his systems of infidelity to his advantage, or raise pleasures out of them which are inconsistent with the belief of an hereafter. One that has neither wit, gallantry, mirth, or youth to indulge by these notions, but only a poor, joyless, uncomfortable vanity of distinguishing himself from the rest of mankind, is rather to be regarded as a mischievous lunatic than a mistaken philosopher. A chaste infidel, a speculative libertine, is an animal that I should not believe to be in nature, did I not sometimes meet with this species of men, that plead for the indulgence of their passions in the midst of a severe studious life, and talk against the immortality of the soul over a dish of coffee.

I would fain ask a minute philosopher, what good he proposes to mankind by the publishing of his doctrines? Will they make a man a better citizen or father of a family; a more endearing husband, friend, or son? Will they enlarge his public or private virtues, or correct any of his frailties or vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in such opinions? Do they either refresh or enlarge our thoughts? Do they contribute to the happiness, or raise the dignity, of human nature? The only good that I have ever heard pretended to is that they banish terrors, and set the mind at ease. But whose terrors do they banish? It is certain, if there were any strength in their arguments, they would give great disturbance to minds that are influenced by virtue, honour, and morality, and take from us the only comforts and supports of affliction, sickness, and old age. The minds, therefore, which they set at ease are only those of impenitent criminals and malefactors, and which, to the good of mankind, should be in perpetual terror and alarm.

I must confess, nothing is more usual than for a free-thinker, in proportion as the insolence of scepticism is abated in him by years and knowledge, or humbled and beaten down by sorrow or sickness, to reconcile himself to the general conceptions of reasonable creatures; so that we frequently see the apostates turning from their revolt toward the end of their lives, and employing the refuse of their parts in promoting those truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

[No. 167.]

SEGNIUS IRRITANT ANIMOS DIMISSA PER AURES,
QUAM QUAE SUNT OCULIS SUBMISSA FIDELITAS.
HOR.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,
May 2 [*1710*].

. . . I have hardly a notion that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions in which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in *Othello*, the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart, and perfectly convince him, that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakspeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences; but a reader that has seen Betterton act it observes that there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances. The charming passage in the same tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the

affection of his mistress, was urged with so moving and graceful an energy, that, while I walked in the cloisters, I thought of him with the same concern as if I waited for the remains of a person who had in real life done all that I had seen him represent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy disposition I was in; and I began to be extremely afflicted that Brutus and Cassius had any difference; that Hotspur's gallantry was so unfortunate; and that the mirth and good humour of Falstaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occasion in me, who look upon the distinctions amongst men to be merely scenical, raised reflections upon the emptiness of all human perfection and greatness in general; and I could not but regret that the sacred heads which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth in which my poor old friend is deposited, are returned to dust as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me say of human life itself with Macbeth,

> "To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,
> To the last moment of recorded time!
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> To their eternal night! Out, out, short candle!
> Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more."

The mention I have here made of Mr. Betterton, for whom I had, as long as I have known anything, a very great esteem and gratitude for the pleasure he gave me, can do him no good; but it may possibly be of service to the unhappy woman he has left behind him, to have it known that this great tragedian was never in a scene

half so moving as the circumstances of his affairs created at his departure. His wife, after a cohabitation of forty years in the strictest amity, has long pined away with a sense of his decay, as well in his person as his little fortune; and, in proportion to that, she has herself decayed both in her health and reason. Her husband's death, added to her age and infirmities, would certainly have determined her life, but that the greatness of her distress has been her relief, by a present deprivation of her senses. This absence of reason is her best defence against age, sorrow, poverty, and sickness. I dwell upon this account so distinctly, in obedience to a certain great spirit who hides her name, and has by letter applied to me to recommend to her some object of compassion, from whom she may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper occasion for exerting such heroic generosity; and as there is an ingenuous shame to those who have known better fortune to be reduced to receive obligations, as well as a becoming pain in the truly generous to receive thanks, in this case both those delicacies are preserved; for the person obliged is as incapable of knowing her benefactress as her benefactress is unwilling to be known by her.

[No. 181.]

DIES, NI FALLOR, ADEST, QUEM SEMPER ACERBUM,
SEMPER HONORATUM, SIC, DII, VOLUISTIS, HABEBO.

VIRG.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,
June 5 [*1710*].

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I

went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling "Papa"; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good-nature in me is no merit; but, having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities, and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,

[No. 207.] *August 4* [*1710*].

Having yesterday morning received a paper of Latin verses, written with much elegance in honour of these my papers, and being informed at the same time that they were composed by a youth under age, I read them with much delight, as an instance of his improvement. There is not a greater pleasure to old age than seeing young people entertain themselves in such a manner as that we can partake of their enjoyments. On such occasions we flatter ourselves that we are not quite laid aside in the world, but that we are either used with gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well-inclined young man, and whose good-breeding is founded upon the principles of nature and virtue, must needs take delight in being agreeable to his elders, as we are truly delighted when we are not the jest of them. When I say this, I must confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable thing that there should be a necessity for making that a rule of life which should be, methinks, a mere instinct of nature. If reflection upon a man in poverty, whom we once knew in riches, is an argument of commiseration with generous minds, sure old age, which is a decay from that vigour which the young possess, and must certainly (if not prevented against their will) arrive at, should be more forcibly the object of that reverence which honest spirits are inclined to, from a sense of being themselves liable to what they observe has already overtaken others.

My three nephews, whom, in June last was twelvemonth I disposed of according to their several capacities and inclinations, the first to a university, the second to a merchant, and the third to a woman of quality as her page, by my invitation dined with me to-day. It is my

custom often, when I have a mind to give myself a more than ordinary cheerfulness, to invite a certain young gentlewoman of our neighbourhood to make one of the company. She did me that favour this day. The presence of a beautiful woman of honour, to minds which are trivially disposed, displays an alacrity which is not to be communicated by any other object. It was not unpleasant to me to look into her thoughts of the company she she was in. She smiled at the party of pleasure I had thought of for her, which was composed of an old man and three boys. My scholar, my citizen, and myself were very soon neglected; and the young courtier, by the bow he made to her at her entrance, engaged her observation without a rival. I observed the Oxonian not a little discomposed at this preference, while the trader kept his eye upon his uncle. My nephew Will had a thousand secret resolutions to break in upon the discourse of his younger brother, who gave my fair companion a full account of the fashion, and what was reckoned most becoming to this complexion, and what sort of habit appeared best upon t'other shape. He proceeded to acquaint her, who of quality was well or sick within the bills of mortality, and named very familiarly all his lady's acquaintance, not forgetting her very words when he spoke of their characters. Besides all this, he had a road of flattery; and upon her enquiring what sort of woman Lady Lovely was in her person, "Really, madam," says the jackanapes, "she is exactly of your height and shape; but as you are fair, she is a brown woman." There was no enduring that this fop should outshine us all at this unmerciful rate; therefore I thought fit to talk to my young scholar concerning his studies; and because I would throw his learning into present service, I desired him to repeat to me the translation he had made of some tender

verses in Theocritus. He did so, with an air of elegance peculiar to the college to which I sent him. I made some exceptions to the turn of the phrases, which he defended with much modesty, as believing in that place the matter was rather to consult the softness of a swain's passion than the strength of his expressions. It soon appeared that Will had outstripped his brother in the opinion of our young lady. A little poetry, to one who is bred a scholar, has the same effect that a good carriage of his person has on one who is to live in courts. The favour of women is so natural a passion that I envied both the boys their success in the approbation of my guest; and I thought the only person invulnerable was my young trader. During the whole meal I could observe in the children a mutual contempt and scorn of each other, arising from their different way of life and education, and took that occasion to advertise them of such growing distastes, which might mislead them in their future life, and disappoint their friends, as well as themselves, of the advantages which might be expected from the diversity of their professions and interests.

The prejudices which are growing up between these brothers from the different ways of education are what create the most fatal misunderstandings in life. But all distinctions of disparagement merely from our circumstances, are such as will not bear the examination of reason. The courtier, the trader, and the scholar, should all have an equal pretension to the denomination of a gentleman. That tradesman who deals with me in a commodity which I do not understand with uprightness, has much more right to that character than the courtier that gives me false hopes, or the scholar who laughs at my ignorance.

The appellation of gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances but to his behaviour in them. For this reason I shall ever, as far as I am able, give my nephews such impressions as shall make them value themselves rather as they are useful to others than as they are conscious of merit in themselves. There are no qualities from which we ought to pretend to the esteem of others, but such as render us serviceable to them; for "free men have no superiors but benefactors." . . . .

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,
[No. 245.] *November 1* [*1710*].

The lady hereafter-mentioned, having come to me in very great haste, and paid me much above the usual fee as a cunning-man, to find her stolen goods, and also having approved my late discourse of advertisements, obliged me to draw up this, and insert it in the body of my paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Bridget Howd'ee, late servant to the Lady Fardingdale, a short, thick, lively, hard-favoured wench, of about twenty-nine years of age, her eyes small and bleared, her nose very broad at bottom, and turning up at the end, her mouth wide, and lips of an unusual thickness, two teeth out before, the rest black and uneven, the tip of her left ear being of a mouse colour, her voice loud and shrill, quick of speech, and something of a Welsh accent, withdrew herself on Wednesday last from her ladyship's dwelling-house, and, with the help of her consorts, carried off the following goods of her said lady, viz., a thick wadded calico wrapper, a musk-coloured velvet mantle lined with squirrel skins, eight night-shifts, four pair of silk stockings curiously darned, six pair of laced shoes, new and old, with the heels of half two

inches higher than their fellows; a quilted petticoat of the largest size, and one of canvas with whale-bone hoops; three pair of stays, bolstered below the left shoulder; two pair of hips of the newest fashion, six round-about aprons with pockets, and four striped muslin night-rails very little frayed; a silver pot for coffee or chocolate, the lid much bruised; a broad-brimmed flat silver plate for sugar with Rhenish wine; a silver ladle for plum-porridge; a silver cheese-toaster with three tongues, an ebony handle, and silvering at the end; a silver posnet to butter eggs; one caudle and two cordial-water cups, two cocoa-cups, and an ostrich's egg, with rims and feet of silver; a marrow-spoon, with a scoop at the other end; a silver orange-strainer, eight sweet-meat spoons made with forks at the end, an agate-handle knife and fork in a sheath, a silver tongue-scraper, a silver tobacco-box, with a tulip graved on the top; and a bible bound in shagreen, with gilt leaves and clasps, never opened but once. Also a small cabinet with six drawers inlaid with red tortoise-shell, and brass gilt ornaments at the four corners, in which were two leather forehead-cloths, three pair of oiled dog-skin gloves, seven cakes of superfine Spanish wool, half-a-dozen of Portugal dishes, and a quire of paper from thence; two pair of brand new plumpers, four black-lead combs, three pair of fashionable eye-brows, two sets of ivory teeth, little the worse for wearing, and one pair of box for common use; Adam and Eve in bugle work, without fig leaves, upon canvas, curiously wrought with her ladyship's own hand; several filigrain curiosities; a crotchet of one hundred and twenty-two diamonds, set strong and deep in silver, with a rump-jewel after the same fashion; bracelets of braided hair, pomander, and seed-pearl; a large old purple velvet purse, embroidered, and shutting with a spring, containing two pictures in

miniature, the features visible; a broad thick gold ring, with a hand-in-hand graved upon it, and within this poesy, "While life does last, I 'll hold thee fast"; another set around with small rubies and sparks, six wanting; another of Turkey stone, cracked through the middle; an Elizabeth and four Jacobuses, one guinea, the first of the coin, an angel with a hole bored through, a broken half of a Spanish piece of gold, a crown-piece with the breeches, an old nine-pence bent both ways by Lilly the almanack maker, for luck at langteraloo, and twelve of the shells called blackmoor's teeth; one small amber box with apoplectic balsam, and one silver gilt of a larger size for cashu and carraway comfits, to be taken at long sermons, the lid enamelled, representing a cupid fishing for hearts, with a piece of gold on his hook; over his head this rhyme, "Only with gold you me shall hold." In the lower drawer was a large new gold repeating watch, made by a Frenchman; a gold chain, and all the proper appurtenances hung upon steel swivels, to wit, lockets with the hair of dead and living lovers, seals with arms, emblems and devices cut in cornelian, agate, and onyx, with cupids, hearts, darts, altars, flames, rocks, pickaxes, roses, thorns, and sun-flowers; as also variety of ingenious French mottos; together with gold etuis for quills, scissors, needles, thimbles, and a sponge dipped in Hungary water, left but the night before by a young lady going upon a frolic incog. There was also a bundle of letters, dated between the years 1670 and 1682, most of them signed Philander, the rest Strephon, Amyntas, Corydon, and Adonis; together with a collection of receipts to make pastes for the hands, pomatums, lip-salves, white-pots, beautifying creams, water of talc, and frog spawn water; decoctions for clearing the complexion, and an approved medicine to procure abortion.

Whoever can discover the aforesaid goods, so that they may be had again, shall have fifty guineas for the whole, or proportionable for any part. N. B. Her ladyship is pleased to promise ten pounds for the packet of letters over and above, or five for Philander's only, being her first love. My lady bestows those of Strephon to the finder, being so written that they may serve to any woman who reads them.

[No. 263.]

MINIMA CONTENTOS NOCTE BRITANNOS.
Juv. Sat. ii.

FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,
December 13 [*1710*].

An old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two, and talk over old stories; but upon enquiring after him, I found he was gone to bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, and had despatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit; but upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just sat down to dinner. In short, I found that my oldfashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers, and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew or eight o'clock bell was the sig-

nal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depth of politics, at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two-thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad daylight. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And if the humour increases in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impossible but our children may hear the bell-man going about the streets at nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night and sleep in sunshine, has made me enquire whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this reason I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know, whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour? My friend has answered me, that his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and the beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years.

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still dine at eleven, and sup at six, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster Hall at the time when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward: the landmarks of our fathers (if I may so call them) are removed, and planted further up into the day; insomuch that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged (if they expect full congregations) not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a regular canonical hour. In my own memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock to three, and where it will fix nobody knows.

[No. 271.]

[*The whole number is dated: From Saturday, December 30 (1710) to Tuesday, January 2, 1710 (1711).*]

The printer having informed me that there are as many of these papers printed as will make four volumes, I am now come to the end of my ambition in this matter, and have nothing further to say to the world under the character of Isaac Bickerstaff. This work has, indeed, for some time been disagreeable to me, and the purpose of it wholly lost by my being so long understood as the author. I never designed in it to give any man any secret wound by my concealment, but spoke in the character of an old man, a philosopher, a humorist, an astrologer, and a censor, to allure my reader with the variety of my subjects, and insinuate, if I could, the weight of reason with the agreeableness of wit. The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, innocence, honour and virtue as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered

that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess my life is at best but pardonable. And, with no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a freedom of spirit that would have lost both its beauty and efficacy had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele.

As to the work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of its value; but I should err against that candour which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own that the most approved pieces in it were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against by myself. The hand that has assisted me in those noble discourses upon the immortality of the soul, the glorious prospects of another life, and the most sublime ideas of religion and virtue, is a person who is too fondly my friend ever to own them; but I should little deserve to be his if I usurped the glory of them. I must acknowledge at the same time that I think the finest strokes of wit and humour in all Mr. Bickerstaff's Lucubrations are those for which he is also beholden to him.

[No. 2.]

X.

[From the *Spectator*, 1711–12.]

AST ALII SEX
ET PLURES UNO CONCLAMANT ORE.
JUV.

Friday, March 2, 1711.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger

de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etheredge, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'T is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies; but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than of truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but

there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum ; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding ; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases, and tenures in the neighbourhood, all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool ; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable : as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in ; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the cus-

toms, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his perriwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting which would make no great figure were he not a rich man), he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms: for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though

at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges ; but, having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he had talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and an even, regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert or inquiring into it; "for," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him." Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this can-

dour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasure of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life; but, having been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods, whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations he has ever about the same time received a kind glance

or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabell begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn, and I find there is not one of the company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

[No. 88.]

QUID DOMINI FACIENT, AUDENT CUM TALIA FURES?
VIRG.

May 30, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR :—I have no small value for your endeavours to lay before the world what may escape their observation and yet highly conduces to their service. You have, I think, succeeded very well on many subjects; and seem to have been conversant in very different scenes of life. But in the considerations of mankind, as a Spectator, you should not omit circumstances which relate to the inferior part of the world any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is the general corruption of manners in the servants of Great Britain. I am a man that have travelled and seen many nations, but have for seven years last past resided constantly in London or within twenty miles of it. In this time I have contracted a numerous acquaintance among the best sort of people, and have hardly found one of them happy in their servants. This is matter of great astonishment to foreigners and all such as have visited foreign countries; especially since we cannot but observe that there is no part of the world where servants have those privileges and advantages as in England. They have nowhere else such plentiful diet, large wages, or indulgent liberty. There is no place where they labour less, and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure, the frequent robberies and losses which we suffer on the high road and in our own houses. That, indeed, which gives me the present thought of the kind is that a careless groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest pad

in the world with only riding him ten miles; and I assure you if I were to make a register of all the horses I have known thus abused by the negligence of servants, the number would mount a regiment. I wish you would give us your observations, that we may know how to treat these rogues, or that we masters may enter into measures to reform them. Pray give us a speculation in general about servants, and you make me

Yours,

PHILO-BRITANNICUS.

Pray do not omit the mention of grooms in particular.

This honest gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a satire upon grooms, has a great deal of reason for his resentment; and I know no evil which touches all mankind so much as this of the misbehaviour of servants.

The complaint of this letter runs wholly upon men-servants; and I can attribute the licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what a hundred before me have ascribed it to, the custom of giving board-wages. This one instance of false economy is sufficient to debauch the whole nation of servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs, or else, if they wait at taverns, they eat after their masters, and reserve their wages for other occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower degree what their masters themselves are, and usually affect an imitation of their manners; and you have, in liveries, beaux, fops, and coxcombs in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of people of quality, when they are in their revels,

that is, when they are out of their masters sight, to assume in a humorous way the names and titles of those whose liveries they wear. By which means, characters and distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other causes, one may impute a certain insolence among our servants, that they take no notice of any gentleman, though they know him ever so well, except he is an acquaintaince of their master.

My obscurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty, without scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment. Falling in the other day at a victualling-house near the House of Peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my lord bishop swore he would throw her out at window, if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased, in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together, and away! The alehouse was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an earl, three quarts to my new lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowd of servants, and their insolence, near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is a universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and that there were no such thing as rule and distinction among us.

The next place of resort, wherein the servile world are let loose, is at the entrance of Hyde Park, while the

gentry are at the Ring. Hither people bring their lackeys out of state, and here it is that all they say at their tables and act in their houses is communicated to the whole town. There are men of wit in all conditions of life; and, mixing with these people at their diversions, I have heard coquettes and prudes as well rallied, and insolence and pride exposed (allowing for their want of education), with as much humour and good sense, as in the politest companies. It is a general observation, that all dependents run in some measure into the manners and behaviour of those whom they serve. You shall frequently meet with lovers and men of intrigue among the lackeys as well as at White's or in the side boxes. I remember once some years ago an instance of this kind. A footman to a captain of the Guard used frequently, when his master was out of the way, to carry on amours and make assignations in his master's clothes. The fellow had a very good person, and there were very many women who think no further than the outside of a gentleman; besides which, he was almost as learned a man as the colonel himself. I say, thus qualified, the fellow could scrawl *billets doux* so well, and furnish a conversation on common topics, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good business on his hands. It happened one day that, coming down a tavern stairs, in his master's fine guard-coat, with a well-dressed woman masked, he met the colonel coming up with other company; but with a ready assurance he quitted his lady, came up to him, and said, "Sir, I know you have too much respect for yourself to cane me in this honourable habit. But you see there is a lady in the case, and I hope on that score also you will put off your anger till I have told you all another time." After a little pause the colonel cleared up his countenance, and with an

air of familiarity whispered his man apart, "Sirrah, bring the lady with you to ask pardon for you"; then aloud, "Look to it, Will. I'll never forgive you else." The fellow went back to his mistress, and telling her, with a loud voice and an oath, that was the honestest fellow in the world, conveyed her to a hackney-coach.

But the many irregularities committed by servants in the places above-mentioned, as well as in the theatres, of which masters are generally the occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another occasion.

[No. 109.]

AB NORMIS SAPIENS. HOR.

Thursday, July 5, 1711.

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the de Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the

vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Henry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the Guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and an half broader, besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pummel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that shewed he did it rather to perform the rules of the lists than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I do not know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt Yard, you may be sure, won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on

the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife; she brought ten children, and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution; for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate; but the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman whom you see there; observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing): you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing, and looking, as it were, another way, like an easy writer, or a sonnetteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a

lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honour I showed you above. But it was never made out; we winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner. "This man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the honour of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of the shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excel-

lent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which were superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbours."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message, the day before the battle of Worcester." The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above-mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

[No. 113.]

HAERENT INFIXI PECTORE VULTUS.

VIRG.

Tuesday, July 10, 1711.

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has

certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before, and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows: —

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, ride well, and was very well dressed,

at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But, when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she casts her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the

admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must need say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form

makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse which, I verily believe, was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and on my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse

with a creature — But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed — but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker; then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently; her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company, and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial which one knows not how to render into English, *dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition: —

"Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Naevia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Coenat, propinat, poscit, neget, annuit, una est
Naevia: si non sit Naevia, mutus erit.

Scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem,
Naevia lux, inquit, Naevia numen, ave."

"Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line —
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

[No. 248.]

HOC MAXIME OFFICII EST, UT QUISQUE MAXIME OPIS INDIGEAT, ITA EI POTISSIMUM OPITULARI. TULL.

Friday, December 14, 1711.

There are none who deserve superiority over others in the esteem of mankind, who do not make it their endeavour to be beneficial to society, and who, upon all occasions which their circumstances of life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned pleasure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great talents and high birth have placed them in conspicuous stations of life are indispensably obliged to exert some noble inclinations for the service of the world, or else such advantages become misfortunes, and shade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the same person, we sometimes see sublime instances of virtue, which so dazzle our imaginations, that we look with scorn on all which in lower scenes of life we may ourselves be able to practise. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it bears some spice of romantic madness for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek adventures, to be able to do great actions. It is in every man's power in the world who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy, but heroic. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one

above the necessities of life but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinarily men practise upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends, as if he had done enterprises which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can, in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many years ago since Lapirius, in wrong of his elder brother, came to a great estate by gift of his father, by reason of the dissolute behaviour of the first-born. Shame and contrition reformed the life of the disinherited youth, and he became as remarkable for his good qualities as formerly for his errors. Lapirius, who observed his brother's amendment, sent him on a New Year's Day in the morning the following letter:

Honoured Brother,

I enclose to you the deeds whereby my father gave me this house and land. Had he lived till now, he would not have bestowed it in that manner; he took it from the man you were, and I restore it to the man you are.

I am, Sir, your affectionate brother,
and humble servant,
P. T.

As great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time gratifying their passion for glory, so do worthy minds in the domestic way of life deny themselves many advantages, to satisfy a generous benevolence, which they bear

to their friends oppressed with distresses and calamities. Such natures one may call stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial influence to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to an heart loaded with affliction, to save a falling family, to preserve a branch of trade in their neighbourhood, and give work to the industrious, preserve the portion of the helpless infant, and raise the head of the mourning father. People whose hearts are wholly bent towards pleasure or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of industry and humanity. It would look like a city romance to tell them of the generous merchant, who the other day sent this billet to an eminent trader, under difficulties to support himself, in whose fall many hundreds besides himself had perished; but because I think there is more spirit and true gallantry in it than in any letter I have ever read from Strephon to Phillis, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest style in which it was sent.

Sir,

I have heard of the casualties which have involved you in extreme distress at this time; and, knowing you to be a man of great good nature, industry, and probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good cheer; the bearer brings with him five thousand pounds, and has my order to answer your drawing as much more on my account. I did this in haste, for fear I should come too late for your relief; but you may value yourself with me to the sum of fifty thousand pounds; for I can very cheerfully run the hazard of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an honest man whom I love.

Your friend and servant,

W. S.

I think there is somewhere in Montaigne mention made of a family-book, wherein all the occurrences that happened from one generation of that house to another were recorded. Were there such a method in the families which are concerned in this generosity, it would be an hard task for the greatest in Europe to give in their own an instance of a benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful air. It has been heretofore urged how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust step made to the disadvantage of a trader; and by how much such an act towards him is detestable, by so much an act of kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a bencher of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing kings for such a season, and allowing him his expenses at the charge of the society. One of our kings, said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his majesty walking incog. in the cloister, had overheard a poor man say to another, "Such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world." The king, out of his royal compassion, privately inquired into his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a *plaudite* without further examination, upon the recital of this article in them:

	£	s.	d.
For making a man happy	10	0	0

[No. 324.]

O CURVAE IN TERRIS ANIMAE, ET COELESTIUM INANES!

PERS.

Mr. Spectator, *Wednesday, March 12, 1712.*

The materials you have collected together towards a general history of clubs make so bright a part of your speculations that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world, to furnish you with such assistances as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect information of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of the Mohock Club, a name borrowed, it seems, from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled "Emperor of the Mohocks"; and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures is the great cement of their assembly and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup d'éclat.* The par-

ticular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them, which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers, whose office it is to set women on their heads and commit certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on the limbs they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they cannot but be very shocking to the reader as well as the *Spectator*. In this manner they carry on a war against mankind, and, by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guarantees.

I must own, sir, these are only broken, incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society; but they are the best I have been yet able to procure, for, being but of late establishment, it is not ripe for a just history, and, to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act, under the character of *Spectator*, not only the part of a looker-on, but an observer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infest the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless, scandalous project. Such will probably stand corrected

by your reproofs, especially if you inform them that it is not courage for half a score fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are no becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scowerers of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth Speculation. They may there be taught to take warning from the club of Duellists, and be put in mind that the common fate of those men of honour was to be hanged.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

March the 10th, 1711–12.

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may observe, at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be, when it is shown in its simplicities; and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his mistress, and came to the hands of a lady of good sense, wrapped about a thread-paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of artless love.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

Lovely, and O that I could write loving, Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body sometimes, when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothe-

cary's shop, I am so enamoured with you that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self because I am now my own man and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land and a house; and there is never a yard land in our field but is as well worth ten pound a year as a thief's worth a halter, and all my brothers and sisters are provided for. Besides, I have good household stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my home be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes is made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good matches in our town; but my mother (God's peace be with her) charged me upon her death-bed, to marry a gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in sewing and cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our means together, I shall be made grand jury-man e'er two or three years come about, and that will be a great credit to us. If I could have got a messenger for sixpence, I would have sent one on purpose, and some trifle or other for a token of my love, but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. So, hoping you will take this letter in good part, and answer it with what care and speed you can,

I rest and remain,

Yours, if my own,

MR. GABRIEL BULLOCK,

now my father is dead.

Swepston, Leicestershire.

When the coal carts come, I shall send oftener; and may come in one of them myself.

[No. 454.]

SINE ME, VACIVUM TEMPUS NE QUOD DEM MIHI LABORIS. TER. Heau.

Monday, August 11 [*1712*].

It is an expressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and to be of no character or significancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine,

they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing and the countenances of the ruddy virgins who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks Market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricot-boats, at Strand Bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent Garden. We arrived at Strand Bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Darkhouse, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenches and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent Garden, where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were

purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these, who, of all things, affect the play of blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a jaunty slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue, and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Longacre toward St. James's; while he whipped up James Street, we drove for King Street, to save the pass at St. Martin's Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport Street and Longacre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle, — when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on, sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on

the opposite cushion, held her both firm and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers, till at last my lady was conveniently lost, with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying anything. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for, though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribbons, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity, when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take a coach, for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately, for at the corner of Warwick Street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst.

All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up stairs and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, "Only to look at you." I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming, which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself with a kind of pun in thought, "What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?" In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natu-

ral bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterward to Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure property lodged in and transferred in a moment from, such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent Garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had now the world to himself, and cried, "Past two o'clock." This roused me from my seat; and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers, I writ down these minutes, but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from anything it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will

make every object a pleasing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man an increase of happiness to yourself.

XI.

[LETTERS, 1709–13.]

[1–7. To Mrs. Steele.]

1.

Dear Prue *May 7th, 1709.*

I am just drinking a Pint of Wine and will come home forthwith. I am with Mr. Elliot settling things.

Yrs Ever Ever

RICHD STEELE.

2.

Dear Prue *July 25th, 1709, from Mr. Nutts.*

I have finished the Gazette at the Office, and am here ending the other businesse in order to have the Evening with my Wife and Mistresse Prue.

Here is next door a fellow that makes old Wiggs new therefore Pray send both mine in the Bed Chamber by this boy to Yr Loving Devoted Obedient Husband

R. STEELE.

3.

Dear Wife *Feb. 15th, 1709–10.*

I beleive I am the first that ever rejoiced at the flight of one He Loved. After I was done Writing, I went up to visit my Sick Wife, and found she was Her self gone a visiting. I wish you had given me the pleasure of knowing you were so well it would have giv'n what I was writing a more lively Turn.

I am yr Affectionate Tender Observant and indulgent Husband RICHD STEELE.

4.

Half hour after six,
Wednesday Augst 9th, 1710.
BERRY-STREET.

Dear Prue

Thou art such a foolish Tender thing that there is no living with Thee.

I have broke my rest last night because I knew you would be such a fool as not to sleep. Pray come home by this morning's Coach, if you are impatient; but if you are not here before noon I will come down to you in the Evening, but I must make visits this morning to hear what is doing.

Yrs Ever, R. S.

5.

Augst 9th, 1710, COCKPITT.

Dear Prue

I cannot possibly come expecting Orders Here which I must overlook, and having not half done my other businesse at the Savoy.

Dear Creature come in the morning Coach and if I can I will return wth you in the Evening. Pray wrap yr self very Warm.

Yrs Ever,
R: STEELE.

6.

Dear Prue, *4 of Clock.*

Take this boy to sit behind you in the boat, and put on your mask and come to Somerset-stairs. From whence send him to call me from Nutt's, where your Servant [waits] for your arrival to visit my grand-daughter.

R. S.

7.

Dear Prue,

I desire you to dress yourself decently before you appear before me, for I will [not] be so easily pleased as I have been, being now in a fair way of being a great man.

8. To Alexander Pope.

Dear Sir, *Jan. 20, 1711* [–12].

I have received y^r^ very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon y^r^ belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I receive with great pleasure. That which acknowledges the honour due to y^r^ Essay, I have no pretence to. The paper was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with, which is the best return I can make to you for y^r^ favour to, Sir,

Y^r^ most obliged humble servant,

RICH. STEELE.

9. To Mrs. Scurlock.

August 8th, 1712.

Dear Madam, BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE.

Ever since I had the honour to be of your family My heart has yearned to Exert my self in a particular manner towards you, and to make your life easy and happy. The uneasinesses of my fortune have hitherto made it impracticable to me, and some little frowardnesses of Prue have also been an Hindrance to it. But I thank God matters are now settled after such a manner, and the renewall of my Employments in my favour has enabled me to invite you hither, where you shall be attended with Plenty Chearfulnesse and Quiet. I shall wait on you to talk further on this subject, and if you are averse to it nothing shall be taken ill by, Madam,

Yr Most Obedient Son & Most Humble Servant

RICHARD STEELE.

10. To Jonathan Swift.

Sir, *May 19, 1713.*

Mr. Addison shewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have spoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always treated you with respect: though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiner. In the letter you are angry at, you see I have no reason for being so merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct terms say you are not concerned with him; but make it an argument of your innocence, that the Examiner has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the Guardian to say there was a mistake in putting my name in his paper; but the English would laugh at us, should we argue in so Irish a manner.

I am heartily glad of your being made Dean of St. Patrick's.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

XII.

[From *The Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough.*]

My Lord, *January 1, 1711.*

It was with the utmost consternation that I this day heard Your Grace had received a dismission from all your employments. And lest you should, out of the softness which is inseparable from natures truly heroic, believe this a diminution of your glory, I take the liberty to express to you, as well as I can, the sense which mankind has of your merit.

That great genius with which God has endowed you was raised by him to give the first notion that the enemy was to be conquered. Till you were placed at the head of armies the confederates seemed contented to show France that she could not overcome Europe, but it entered not into the heart of man that the rest of Europe could conquer France. When I have said this, my Lord, there arise in my soul so many instances of your having been the ministring angel in the cause of LIBERTY that my heart flags, as if it expected the lash of slavery, when the sword is taken out of his hand who defended me and all men from it. Believe me, immortal Sir, you have a slighter loss in this change of your condition than any other man in England. Your actions have exalted you to be the chief of your species, and a continued chain of successes, resulting from wise counsels, have denominated you the first of mankind in the age which was blessed with your birth. Enjoy what it is not in the power of fate to take from you, the memory of your past actions. Past actions make up present glory. It is in the power of mortals to be thankless to you for doing them; but it is not in their power to take from you that you have done them. It is in the power of man to make your services ineffectual in consequences to your country, but it is not in their power to make them inglorious to yourself. Be not, therefore, you concerned; but let us lament, who may suffer by your removal. Your glory is augmented by comparison of your merit to the reward it meets with. But the honour of your country ———

XIII.

[The Prologue to Ambrose Philips's *The Distressed Mother*, March, 1712.]

Since fancy of itself is loose and vain,
The wise by rules that airy power restrain;
They think those writers mad, who at their ease
Convey this house and audience where they please;
Who Nature's stated distances confound,
And make this spot all soils the sun goes round;
'T is nothing, when a fancied scene 's in view,
To skip from Covent Garden to Peru.
But Shakespeare's self transgressed; and shall each elf,
Each pigmy genius, quote great Shakespeare's self!
What critic dares prescribe what 's just and fit,
Or mark out limits for such boundless wit!
Shakespeare could travel through earth, sea, and air,
And point out all the powers and wonders there;
In barren deserts he makes Nature smile,
And gives us feasts in his Enchanted Isle.
Our Author does his feeble force confess,
Nor dares pretend such merit to transgress;
Does not such shining gifts of genius share,
And, therefore, makes propriety his care.

XIV.

[From *A Letter to Sir Miles Wharton*, concerning Occasional Peers. March 5, 1713.]

As to the house of peers, it is visible to anything above a natural fool that the power of each lord is so much less considerable as it is repeated in other persons; but the great hardship to that great and awful body,

whose privileges have so often been a safety and protection to the rights of us below them, — I say, the great hardship to these noble patriots is that, when they are prepared with the most strict honour and integrity to do their duty in relation to their prince and country, all their determinations may be avoided by a set of people brought in the moment before they come to a question. This has been done once, as I am credibly informed, in so frank a way that there have been above six at a time brought into that place without any further preamble than: "This gentleman's name is So; do not call him Mr. from this time forward but My Lord, for he is now one of you. Sit close there; let the gentleman sit down. I beg pardon; make way for his Lordship."

XV.

[From the *Guardian*, 1713.]

[No. 34.]

MORES MULTORUM VIDIT. HOR.

Monday, April 20, 1713.

It is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation, for the first half-hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last, this modish way of shining and being witty settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon fine gentlemen. From the several characters that were given, and the

exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennobles a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest, serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of Sir William Hearty because he wore a frieze coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste, and to strike in with her in ridiculing those awkward healthy gentlemen, that seem to make nourishment the chief end of eating. I gave her an account of an honest Yorkshire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) used to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their fast with him upon cold roast beef and mum. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleased to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would despatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while this antagonist was piddling at a mushroom or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good friends, by virtue of a maxim I always observe, Never to contradict or reason with a sprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon what had passed, and though, in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to

avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of a true fine gentleman.

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form, and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good as for the ornament and delight of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education.

Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue; neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the benefit of my female readers.

N. B. — The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman, but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a day.

[No. 128.] DELENDA EST CARTHAGO.

Friday, August 7, 1713.

It is usually thought, with great justice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is so daring, and so apparently designed for the most traitorous purpose imaginable, that I do not care what misinterpretation I suffer, when I expose it to the resentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard for the honour, safety, or glory of their Queen. It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his present most Christian Majesty, who is renowned for the most inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged, and in case of his decease, now the power of France and Spain is in the same family, it is possible an ambitious successor (or his ministry in a king's minority) might dispute his being bound by the act of his predecessor in so weighty a particular.

Mr. Ironside,

You employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-subjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifesting your loyalty to your Queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an insolence done to them both with the disdain it deserves. The inclosed printed paper in French and English has been handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets at noonday. You see the title of it is, "A most humble address, or memorial, presented to Her

Majesty the Queen of Great Britain by the deputy of the magistrates of Dunkirk." The nauseous memorialist, with the most fulsome flattery, tells the Queen of her thunder, and of wisdom and clemency adored by all the earth, at the same time that he attempts to undermine her power and escape her wisdom, by beseeching her to do an act which will give a well-grounded jealousy to her people. What the sycophant desires is that the mole and dikes of Dunkirk may be spared; and it seems the Sieur Tugghe, for so the petitioner is called, was thunderstruck by the denunciation (which he says) "the lord viscount Bolingbroke made to him," that Her Majesty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful sentence she had pronounced against the town. Mr. Ironside, I think you would do an act worthy your general humanity if you would put the Sieur Tugghe right in this matter; and let him know that Her Majesty has pronounced no sentence against the town, but his most Christian Majesty has agreed that the town and harbour shall be demolished.

That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of it.

That the very common people know that, within three months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea were to be demolished; and within three months after it, the works towards the land.

That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S.

That the parliament has been told from the Queen that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French king.

That the Sieur Tugghe has the impudence to ask the Queen to remit the most material part of the articles of peace between Her Majesty and his master.

That the British nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk than from almost all

the ports of France, either in the ocean or in the Mediterranean.

That fleets of above thirty sail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ships of war as well as merchantmen.

That the Pretender sailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the French have until you come to Brest, for the whole length of St. George's channel, where any considerable naval armament can be made.

That destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconsiderable advantage to England in comparison to the advantage of destroying the mole, dikes, and harbour, it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the British nation.

That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

That the Dutch, who suffered equally with us from those of Dunkirk, were probably induced to sign the treaty with France from this consideration, that the town and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed.

That the situation of Dunkirk is such as that it may always keep runners to observe all ships sailing on the Thames and Medway.

That all the suggestions which the Sieur Tugghe brings concerning the Dutch are false and scandalous.

That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not that Dunkirk should be demolished, it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England that it should be so.

That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off of Great Britain than it is at present.

That after the demolition there can be no considerable preparation made at sea by the French on all the channel but at Brest; and that Great Britain, being an island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great Britain, as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest.

Pray, Mr. Ironside, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, *That the demolition of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles further off from us;* and then repeat again, *That the British nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk.*

I demand of you, as you love and honour your Queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

Be honest, old Nestor, and say all this; for whatever half-witted hot Whigs may think, we all value our estates and liberties, and every true man of each party must think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest, brave people be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

I cannot go on for indignation, but pray God that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France.

Your humble servant,

ENGLISH TORY.

XVI.

[From the *Englishman*, October, 1713, to February, 1714.]

[No. 1.] DELENDA EST CARTHAGO

Tuesday, October 6, 1713.

The regular explanation of my design, and the pretensions I have to the title of this paper, I shall think fit to suspend in favour of the author of the following letter. All which I shall say at present is, that for valuable considerations I have purchased the lion, desk, pen, ink, and paper, and all other goods of Nestor Ironside, Esq., who has thought fit to write no more himself, but has given me full liberty to report any sage expressions or maxims which may tend to the instruction of mankind and the service of his country. "It is not," said the good man, giving me the key of the lion's den, "now a time to improve the taste of men by the reflections and railleries of poets and philosophers, but to awaken their understanding, by laying before them the present state of the world like a man of experience and a patriot: it is a jest to throw away our care in providing for the palate, when the whole body is in danger of death; or to talk of amending the mien and air of a cripple that has lost his legs and his arms." The old gentleman spoke this with a concern not to be described; and opening a drawer, wherein were papers containing loose sketches of future discourses, he bid me hold my hat and take off my peruke. He filled my hat with those papers, and then put it upon my bare head; after which he spoke several words in Arabic; and while the papers were still between my bald pate and the words "Sly's hunting cock" in the lining of my hat, he placed his hand upon my head, and crying "Pass," told me he had conveyed to

me the use of all his arts and sciences; then struck me a soft blow, and with a voice of exhortation said, "Be an Englishman." This is a summary account of the transfusion of the spirit of Ironside into me, an unknown writer. Though I cannot pretend to come up to the authority which that venerated gentleman has so deservedly enjoyed, I hope I shall not appear his unworthy disciple, but, as I have frequent access to him, be to him what Xenophon was to Socrates.

[No. 3.] QUID ENIM NISI VOTA SUPERSUNT? OV.

From Thursday, October 8, to Saturday, October 10, 1713.

We are now happy in a peace with the most puissant potentate upon the continent of Europe; but though we are in that friendship, we are to take care that, as we are both a trading people, our new ally may not be too hard for us, as we are serviceable to each other and the rest of the world, in point of commerce. It is so far from a secret that it is a declared circumstance, that the late rejected bill will come before our country in Parliament a second time. The city of London, almost in every circumstance, is followed in its declared sentiments by every other part of England; but certainly it can in no point be so reasonably and justly imitated as in its sense of trade. There is an election of representatives for this forum of the mercantile world now approaching; and it behooves every man who is so happy as to have a vote on this occasion, to be very circumspect in the choice. An error in this may perhaps make it insignificant whom he shall choose for the future. If any one of the number of electors can be at a loss to know how to determine himself in the question for or against this important bill, it may not be an ill rule to judge by the wealth of the

persons for and against it, by their known integrity, by the effect it may have upon their own fortunes, and by their publicly avowing their thoughts on the occasion. The citizens of Rome, bred to eloquence, could not before their assemblies have ever offered matters more forcibly, intelligently, and warmly, than some merchants of London, from common sense and experience, delivered themselves against this bill before our Houses of Lords and Commons.

Let the electors consider that none are proposed to their choice but Churchmen, nay (if the invidious names of distinction must still be kept on foot), none but Tories; so that the Church of England is entirely out of the dispute.

That the city of London is infinitely the most trading city in the universe.

That therefore none ought to represent her in Parliament but traders.

That the honourable name of a trader cannot, properly, be applied to any but merchants who are concerned in exports and imports.

That all other traders are only subordinate to them, and are no other than the mechanics, who either prepare our manufactures for the exportation of the merchants, or are the dispersers of foreign commodities when imported by the merchant from abroad, in exchange for those of our own growth.

That such are the only proper judges of our trade: these only can go to the fountain-head, and see the causes of the declension and increase of our trade. The farmer may wonder his wool doth not come to so good a market this year as it did the last; the weaver that he has not so many looms going as he had a few months ago; the clothier that he hears nothing from his factors

at Blackwell Hall; and these again that they have no demands for their woollen manufactures from the merchant. The farmer, weaver, clothier, and factor may indeed lament each other, bemoan the loss of their trade, but know nothing of the real cause of its declension; they sensibly find the stream diverted from its old course, but do not see the dam that stops its flowing, or the new channel that conveys it from them. It is the merchant only that has the science, and sees trade in its naked principles, and its first causes. He sees immediately the designs of foreigners, either slyly to undermine her, or boldly to invade and ravish her; and immediately flies to his sovereign, and the whole legislative body, to protect her.

The merchants are like so many sentinels placed in all the nations of the world to watch over and defend her. And will not this city choose such as these for her representatives? Will she, who subsists wholly by trade, rather choose such who are unacquainted with it even in theory? No, I dare not think so meanly of that wise and honourable body; but promise myself that in this Parliament, where matters of trade seem to be the most important affairs that will be the subject of its debates, the greatest and most trading city in the universe will be represented by traders, that is, merchants; for no others properly deserve that appellation, or can be esteemed proper representatives of the port of London.

While these things are duly considered, and the subjects of England maintain their property and wealth, under a sovereign that is their darling and benefactor, our neighbours in nakedness and penury may tell us as long as they please of the magnificence and grandeur of their mighty monarch and the gorgeous attire of his domestic vassals, without raising our envy or admiration.

[No. 26.]

TALIA MONSTRABAT RELEGENS ERRATA RETRORSUM. VIRG.

From Saturday, November 28, to Tuesday, December 1, 1713.

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon that it's doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the Island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had an irreconcilable difference ; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion were a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a fire-lock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, an hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill used him, made him look forward on this change of

life as the more eligible one till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at that moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflection on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He, now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned

with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forget to observe that, during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears: but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them. But at that time his spirits and life were so high that he could act so regularly and unconcerned that, merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for, observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precautions which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with

which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles, with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him he fell down a precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I should have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference, with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them; the man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence, he met me in the street; and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him: familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he

is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or, to use his own expression, "I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

XVII.

[The Dedication of the *Crisis*, 1714.]

TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Gentlemen,

It is with a just deference to your great power and influence in this kingdom that I lay before you the following comment upon the laws which regard the settlement of the imperial crown of Great Britain. My purpose in addressing these matters to you is to conjure you, as heaven has blessed you with proper talents and opportunities, to recommend them, in your writings and discourses, to your fellow-subjects.

In the character of pastors and teachers you have an almost irresistible power over us of your congregations; and by the admirable institution of our laws, the tenths of our lands, now in your possession, are destined to become the property of such others as shall by learning and virtue qualify themselves to succeed you. These circumstances of education and fortune place the minds of the people from age to age under your direction. As, therefore, it would be the highest indiscretion in ministers of state of this kingdom to neglect the care of being acceptable to you in their administration, so it would be the greatest impiety in you to inflame the people committed to your charge with apprehensions of danger to you and your constitution, from men innocent of any such designs.

Give me leave, who have in all my words and actions, from my youth upwards, maintained an inviolable respect to you and your order, to observe to you, that all the dissatisfactions which have been raised in the minds of the people owe their rise to the cunning of artful men, who have introduced the mention of you and your interest (which are sacred to all good men) to cover and sanctify their own practices upon the affections of the people, for ends very different from the promotion of religion and virtue. Give me leave also to take notice that these suggestions have been favoured by some few unwary men in holy orders, who have made the constitution of their own country a very little part of their study, and yet made obedience and government the frequent subjects of their discourses.

These men, from the pompous ideas of imperial greatness and submission to absolute emperors, which they imbibed in their earlier years, have from time to time inadvertently uttered notions of power and obedience abhorrent from the laws of this their native country.

I will take the further liberty to say that if the acts of Parliament mentioned in the following treatise had been from time to time put in a fair and clear light, and been carefully recommended to the perusal of young gentlemen in colleges, with a preference to all other civil institutions whatsoever, this kingdom had not been in its present condition, but the constitution would have had, in every member the universities have sent into the world ever since the revolution, an advocate for our rights and liberties.

There is one thing which deserves your most serious consideration. You have bound yourselves by the strongest engagements that religion can lay upon men

to support that succession which is the subject of the following papers; you have tied down your souls by an oath to maintain it as it is settled in the house of Hanover; nay, you have gone much further than is usual in cases of this nature, as you have personally abjured the pretender to this crown, and that expressly, without any equivocations or mental reservations whatsoever, that is, without any possible escapes, by which the subtlety of temporizing casuists might hope to elude the force of these solemn obligations. You know much better than I do, whether the calling God to witness to the sincerity of our intentions in these cases, whether the swearing upon the holy evangelists in the most solemn manner, whether the taking of an oath before multitudes of fellow-subjects and fellow-Christians in our public courts of justice, do not lay the greatest obligations that can be laid on the consciences of men. This I am sure of, that if the body of a clergy who considerately and voluntarily entered into these engagements, should be made use of as instruments and examples to make the nation break through them, not only the succession to our crown but the very essence of our religion is in danger. What a triumph would it furnish to those evil men among us who are enemies to your sacred order? What occasion would it administer to atheists and unbelievers, to say that Christianity is nothing else but an outward show and pretence among the most knowing of its professors? What could we afterwards object to Jesuits? What would be the scandal brought upon our holy church, which is at present the glory and bulwark of the Reformation? How would our present clergy appear in the eyes of their posterity and even to the successors of their own order, under a government introduced and established by a conduct so

directly opposite to all the rules of honour and precepts of Christianity?

As I always speak and think of your holy order with the utmost deference and respect, I do not insist upon this subject to insinuate that there is such a disposition among your venerable body, but to show how much your own honour and the interest of religion is concerned that there should be no cause given for it.

Under colour of a zeal towards you, men may sometimes act not only with impunity but popularity, what would render them, without that hypocrisy, insufferably odious to their fellow-subjects.

Under this pretence men may presume to practise such arts for the destruction and dishonour of their country, as it would be impious to make use of even for its glory and safety; men may do in the highest prosperity what it would not be excusable to attempt under the lowest necessity!

The laws of our country, the powers of the legislature, the faith of nations, and the honour of God, may be too weak considerations to bear up against the popular though groundless cry of "the church." This fatal prepossession may shelter men in raising the French name and Roman Catholic interest in Great Britain, and consequently in all Europe.

It behooves you, therefore, gentlemen, to consider whether the cry of the church's danger may not at length become a truth; and as you are men of sense and men of honour, to exert yourselves in undeceiving the multitude, whenever their affectionate concern for you may prove fatal to themselves.

You are surrounded by a learned, wealthy, and knowing gentry, who can distinguish your merit and do honour to your characters. They know with what firm-

ness as Englishmen, with what self-denial as prelates, with what charity as Christians, the lords the bishops, fathers of the church, have behaved themselves in the public cause; they know what contumelies the rest of the clergy have undergone, what discountenance they have laboured under, what prejudice they have suffered in their ministry who have adhered to the cause of truth. But it is certain that the face of things is now too melancholy to bear any longer false appearances; and common danger has united men, who not long ago were artfully inflamed against each other, into some regard of their common safety.

When the world is in this temper, those of our pastors whose exemplary lives and charitable dispositions both adorn and advance our holy religion, will be the objects of our love and admiration; and those who pursue the gratifications of pride, ambition, and avarice, under the sacred character of clergymen, will not fail to be our contempt and derision.

Noise and wrath cannot always pass for zeal; and if we see but little of the public spirit of Englishmen or the charity of Christians in others, it is certain we can feel but little of the pleasure of love and gratitude, and but faint emotions of respect and veneration in ourselves.

It will be an action worthy the ministers of the Church of England, to distinguish themselves for the love of their country; and as we have a religion that wants no assistance from artifice or enlargement of secular power, but is well supported by the wisdom and piety of its preachers, and its own native truth, to let mankind see that we have a clergy who are of the people, obedient to the same laws, and zealous not only of the supremacy and prerogative of our princes, but of the liberties of

their fellow-subjects. This will make us who are your flock burn with joy to see, and with zeal to imitate, your lives and actions. It cannot be expected but that there will be, in so great a body, light, superficial, vain, and ambitious men, who, being untouched with the sublime force of the gospel, will think it their interest to insinuate jealousies between the clergy and laity, in hopes to derive from their order a veneration which they know they cannot deserve from their virtue. But while the most worthy, conspicuous, learned, and powerful of your sacred function are moved by the noble and generous incentives of doing good to the souls of men, we will not doubt of seeing by your ministry the love of our country, due regard for our laws and liberties, and resentment for the abuse of truth, revive in the hearts of men. And as there are no instruments under heaven so capable of this great work, that God would make you such to this divided nation, is the hearty prayer of,

Gentlemen,

Your most dutiful,
and most obedient
humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

XVIII.

[From the *Lover*, February 25, to May 27, 1714.]

[No. 7.] HABET ET SUA CASTRA CUPIDO. OV.

Thursday, March 11 [*1714*].

It has been always my opinion that a man in love should address himself to his mistress with passion and sincerity; and that if this method fails, it is in vain for him to have recourse to artifice or dissimulation, in which he will always find himself worsted, unless he be a much

better proficient in the art than any man I have yet been acquainted with.

The following letter is a very natural exemplification of what I have here advanced. I have called it "The Battle of Eyes," as it brought to my mind several combats of the same nature, which I have formerly had with Mrs. Ann Page.

Sweet Mr. Myrtle,

I have for some time been sorely smitten by Mrs. Lucy, who is a maiden lady in the twenty-eighth year of her age. She has so much of the coquette in her that it supplies the place of youth, and still keeps up the girl in her aspect and behaviour. She has found out the art of making me believe that I have the first place in her affection, and yet so puzzles me by a double tongue and an ambiguous look that about once a fortnight I fancy I have quite lost her. I was the other night at the opera, where, seeing a place in the second row of the Queen's Box kept by Mrs. Lucy's livery, I placed myself in the pit directly over against her footman, being determined to ogle her most passionately all that evening. I had not taken my stand there above a quarter of an hour when enter Mrs. Lucy. At her first coming in I expected she would have cast her eye upon her humble servant; but, instead of that, after having dropped curtsy after curtsy to her friends in the boxes, she began to deal her salutes about the pit in the same liberal manner. Although I stood in the full point of view, and, as I thought, made a better figure than anybody about me, she slid her eye over me, curtsied to the right and to the left, and would not see me for the space of three minutes. I fretted inwardly to find myself thus openly affronted on every side, and was resolved to let her know my resentments

by the first opportunity. This happened soon after; for Mrs. Lucy looking upon me, as though she had but just discovered me, she begun to sink in the first offer to a curtsy; upon which, instead of making her any return, I cocked my nose, and stared at the upper gallery, and immediately after, raising myself on tiptoe, stretched out my neck, and bowed to a lady who sat just behind her. I found by my coquette's behaviour that she was not a little nettled at this my civility, which passed over her head. She looked as pale as ashes, fell a-talking with one that sat next her, and broke out into several forced smiles and fits of laughter, which I dare say there was no manner of occasion for. Being resolved to push my success, I cast my eye through the whole circle of beauties, and made my bow to every one that I knew, and to several whom I never saw before in my life. Things were thus come to an open rupture, when, the curtain rising, I was forced to face about. I had not sat down long but my heart relented, and gave me several girds and twitches for the barbarous treatment which I had shewn to Mrs. Lucy. I longed to see the act ended, and to make reparation for what I had done. At the first rising of the audience, between the acts, our eyes met; but as mine begun to offer a parley, the hard-hearted slut conveyed herself behind an old lady in such a manner that she was concealed from me for several moments. This gave me new matter of indignation, and I begun to fancy I had lost her forever. While I was in this perplexity of thought, Mrs. Lucy lifted herself up from behind the lady who shadowed her, and peeped at me over her right shoulder. "Nay, Madam," thinks I to myself, "if those are your tricks, I will give you as good as you bring"; upon which I withdrew, in a great passion, behind a tall broad-shouldered

fellow, who was very luckily placed before me. I here lay incog. for at least three seconds; snug was the word; but being very uneasy in that situation, I again emerged into open candlelight, when, looking for Mrs. Lucy, I could see nothing but the old woman, who screened her for the remaining part of the interlude. I was then forced to sit down to the second act, being very much agitated and tormented in mind. I was terribly afraid that she had discovered my uneasiness, as well knowing that, if she caught me at such an advantage, she would use me like a dog. For this reason I was resolved to play the indifferent upon her at my next standing up. The second act, therefore, was no sooner finished but I fastened my eye upon a young woman who sat at the further end of the boxes, whispering at the same time, to one who was near me, with an air of pleasure and admiration. I gazed upon her a long time, when, stealing a glance at Mrs. Lucy, with a design to see how she took it, I found her face was turned another way, and that she was examining, from head to foot, a young well-dressed rascal who stood behind her. This cut me to the quick, and notwithstanding I tossed back my wig, rapped my snuff-box, displayed my handkerchief, and at last cracked a jest with an orange wench to attract her eye, she persisted in her confounded ogle, till Mrs. Robinson came upon the stage to my relief. I now sat down sufficiently mortified, and determined, at the end of the opera, to make my submission in the most humble manner. Accordingly, rising up, I put on a sneaking, penitential look, but, to my unspeakable confusion, found her back turned upon me.

I had now nothing left for it but to make amends for all by handing her to her chair. I bustled through the

crowd, and got to her box-door as soon as possible, when, to my utter confusion, the young puppy I have been telling you of before, bolted out upon me with Mrs. Lucy in his hand. I could not have started back with greater precipitation if I had met a ghost. The malicious gipsy took no notice of me, but, turning aside her head, said something to her dog of a gentleman-usher, with a smile that went to my heart. I could not sleep all night for it, and the next morning writ the following letter to her.

Madam,

I protest I meant nothing by what passed last night, and beg you will put the most candid interpretation upon my looks and actions ; for however my eyes may wander, there is none but Mrs. Lucy who has the entire possession of my heart. I am, Madam,

With a passion that is not to be expressed either by looks, words or actions,

Your most unalienable

and most humble servant,

TOM. WHIFFLE.

And now, Sir, what do you think was her answer? Why, to give you a true notion of her, and that you may guess at all her cursed tricks by this one — here it is.

Mr. Whiffle,

I am very much surprised to hear you talk of anything that passed between us last night, when to the best of my remembrance I have not seen you these three days.

Your servant,

L. T.

[No. 30.]

DESPICERE UNDE QUEAS ALIOS PASSIMQUE VIDERE
ERRARE, ATQUE VIAM PALANTEIS QUAERERE VITAE.
LUC.

TO MR. MYRTLE.

Sir, *Tuesday, May 4, 1714.*

There is a young woman in our neighbourhood that makes it her business to disturb everybody that passes by with her beauty. She runs to the window when she has a mind to do mischief, and then when a body looks up at her, she runs back, as though she had not a mind to be seen, though she came there on purpose. Her hands and arms, you must know, are very fine; for that reason she never lets them be unemployed, but is feeding a squirrel, and catching people that pass by all day long. She has a way of heaving out of the window to see something, so that one who stands in the street just over against her is taken with her side face; one that is coming down fixes his eyes at the pole of her neck till he stumbles; and one coming up the street is fixed stockstill by her eyes. She won't let anybody go by in peace. I am confident if you went that way yourself, she would pretend to get you from Mrs. Page. As for my own part, I fear her not; but there are several of our neighbours whose sons are taken in her chains, and several good women's husbands are always talking of her, and there is no quiet. I beg of you, Sir, to take some course with her, for she takes a delight in doing all this mischief. It would be right to lay down some rules against her; or if you please to appoint a time to come and speak to her, it would be a great charity to our street, especially to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ANTHONY EYELID.

Sir,

Here is a young gentlewoman in our street that I do not know at all, who looked full in my face, and then looked as if she was mistaken, but looked so pretty that I can't forget her; she does something or other to every one that passes by. I thought I would tell you of her.

Yours,

CH. BUSY.

Sir,

Here is a young woman in our street that looks often melancholy out of the window, as if she saw nobody and nobody saw her, she is so intent. But she can give an account of everything that passes, and does it to waylay young men. Pray say something about her.

Yours, unknown,

TALL-BOY GAPESEED.

Sir,

There is a young woman in our neighbourhood that makes people with bundles on their back stand as if they had none, and those who have none stand as if they had too heavy ones. Pray take her to your end of the town, for she interrupts business.

Yours,

RALPH DOODLE.

XIX.

[From the *Reader*, April 22 to May 10, 1714.]

[No. 8.]

The following letter, written in that style, the praise of which is simplicity, may be useful to that part of the world who are never quite drunk or sober, but go to bed mellow every night. I believe, as it is written by a

vintner, he designed it particularly for the use of some good club that use his house, and whom he fears might be succeeded by a more temperate generation, if they should drop off; besides that, it is remarkable, sets of tipplers go fast one after another when one of their number is taken from among them.

To the Reader.

Sir,

The love which, by your paper, you seem to have for your country, gives a good example for others to follow, and prompts me, in particular, to represent to you a conversation I have had of late, in which some things passed, which, I think, are not improper to be communicated to the English reader.

I live in a part of Great Britain which has formerly traded much to France, Spain, and Portugal, and in a town where we have (notwithstanding all the contrasts occasioned by elections) still so much humanity left among some of us as to meet now and then at a tavern.

Not long since some of our merchants, having their doctor with them, meeting there, the master of the house, according to order, brought up one bottle of claret, and one of red port, and assured the company, upon his honour, they were both neat, and flowers in their kind.

You know, Sir, the honour of this sort of men is very great when they are vending their own goods; and that 'tis common with some of them to pawn their salvation, after such a manner as if they thought we had reason to doubt them.

Well, Sir, a glass of each sort was drunk round to the Queen. The French merchants in the company liked the flavour of a wine they had formerly, with much pleasure, drank in that country; but at the same time owned it was

somewhat low, and not so cordial as heretofore in France. To which it was replied, that this was the effect of their age (which wanted a stronger liquor) and not of the wine which they now drank; and that, to take off this inconveniency, the quantity should be enlarged, and instead of one bottle apiece they should drink two.

The vintner, who stood by, smiled at this, and could not forbear saying, "That gentleman was much in the right, and he was of the same opinion."

The doctor (who all this while seemed to amuse himself with his pipe), being observed to prefer the port, was desired to give his opinion of these two sorts of wine in general; upon which he replied, "Gentlemen, I will do it readily; but must, by way of preface to my discourse, desire only to know, whether you would drink wine for pleasure or for health? If you say for pleasure, I shall be apt to reply, you are then better friends to the men of my profession than to yourselves and your own families. I think it would be unpardonable in me to advise any man to drink or eat to his prejudice. Which of these two sorts of wine, port or Bordeaux, is fittest for the common draught of England will evidently appear from the following considerations. Let a man drink of port, it shall in a small quantity answer the design of wine, and neither injure his pocket nor his constitution. One, two, or three glasses, at or after dinner, and the like quantity before he goes to bed, makes him digest his meat well, sleep kindly, and wake refreshed the next morning. . . . .

"And now, gentlemen (to go on a little further in the way of my profession, and build upon the foundation I have laid), as you cannot but have heard that many chronical distempers, and not a few of the acute, do, in the opinion of the best physicians, take their rise, in a great degree, from indigestion; you cannot but allow

that where there is so much indigestion, as of course must follow from the drinking of French wine habitually, the ill effects of it must be very great. And accordingly we find among the topers of greatest reputation, who survive those who have been long dead-drunk, and are troubled with the gout, stone, rheumatism, much more of these diseases may, upon a fair computation be imputed to French, than to Portugal wine."

"But," says a French merchant then in company, "do we not find by experience that French wine exhilarates beyond all other sorts imported into this island? Do not our great wits, and men of the best conversation, prefer it to all others? Are not deep councils and great dispatches owing to this wine? and is not the best society chiefly kept up by it?"

"Sir," replied the doctor, with something of warmth, "I do not find but that men among us who have drunk little or none of the French wines, have had as much wit, and wisdom too, as any of those who have drunk most of them. Mr. Shakspeare, I dare say, drank but little claret; old Ben's wine was Canary; Mr. Waller was not fond of any wine, only now and then (as I am credibly informed) enough to wash his head and temples with. There is no manner of doubt but that Spain, Italy, and Greece have produced as great wits as any nation in Europe; and is this owing to French claret? Did Homer, Aristophanes, Horace, Virgil, and Miguel de Cervantes drink French claret?

"But, Sir (because I will be easy to you in the argument), grant that French wine will make an Englishman cheerful and pleasant, and fit him to write a song, a poem, or a play; or to tell his story, and make his address with an air extraordinary; is this an argument why this wine should be made a national drink? Let the men of wit

have their proportion of this wine (if they must have it) and take the inconveniences of it; but shall we set up for a nation of wits? Let us endeavour at a little discretion, and drink of such wines, in such proportions and at such times as shall answer the design of this great blessing to mankind; that is, so as to make it most conducive to our health, which, I positively aver, in English constitutions, generally speaking, is better preserved by a proper use of Portugal than of French wines."

This argument of the doctor's made the greater impression on the company, for that we knew him to be no way concerned in merchandise; and that, as his age and profession had given him opportunity to make observations of the matter he spoke of, so the entire love he has for his country will not suffer him to advance any proposition which he thinks is not for the good of it.

Sir, I am the more ready to communicate to you the sum of this conversation, for that I remember about thirty years since, when London claret (as it was then called) was in fashion, the master with whom I then lived in the city, with many others, made that wine by mixing Bordeaux with red of the Spanish grape, which gave a composition more grateful to the palate, and less injurious to the stomach, than the French wine was of itself. These hands of mine have thus brewed many a ton.

I hope it may not be amiss, if I endeavour, as far as in me lies, to set forth in a proper light this great error in our liquors, and from good and undeniable arguments beat down that impetuous, humoursome, unreasonable, overweening love for claret, which, to the great prejudice of the English nation, does so much prevail among us; and show that we act in this, as in too many other particulars, as if our welfare and happiness were the least part of our care.

I have heard a very experienced vintner say that he had observed great difference between the tempers of his claret and port customers. The old age of the claret-drinker is generally peevish and fretful; that of him who uses port calm, and, at the worst, dull. The blood of a claret-drinker grows vinegar, that of your port man mum. The effect of claret is to make men restless, of port to make them sleepy. But port, moderately used, had all the good effects which can come from the best claret, and none of the ill effects which flow from the immoderate use of itself.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble servant,
RUBURB HEARTY.

XX.

[From *A Letter to a Member of Parliament concerning the Bill for Preventing the Growth of Schism.*]

LONDON, *May, 28, 1714.*

Sir,

Though I have had the misfortune to appear an unworthy member of your house, and am expelled, accordingly, from my seat in Parliament, I am not by that vote (which was more important to the people of England than I shall at this time explain) deprived of the common benefits of life, liberty, or any other enjoyment of a rational being. And I do not think I can better bestow my time, or employ these advantages, than in doing all in my power to preserve them to others as well as myself, and in asserting the right of my fellow-subjects against anything which I apprehend to be an encroachment upon what they ought to enjoy as men and what they are legally possessed of as Englishmen, or, if you will, as Britons.

This, sir, is all the apology I shall make to you for addressing to you in this public manner my thoughts concerning the bill now making its way with all convenient expedition through your house and the whole legislature. . .

But to use force is not the way to subdue them; it is against nature and common sense to think they are to be gained by such methods. Good-will opens the way to men's hearts, and the Toleration has thinned Presbyterian assemblies more than any rigid means could ever have done. No man is persuaded by him who hates him, but all are easily prevailed upon by those who love 'em. The Dissenters are quite another kind of people than they were before the Toleration. By this indulgence to them, it is a known observation that they are brought into the methods of life in common with the best and most polite people, and crowds of the generations which have grown up under the Toleration have conformed to the Church, from the humanity of that law. The fathers of families have, perhaps, found some pain in retracting their errors and in going into new communities and conversations, but we see thousands connive at the conformity of their children: the parents have been secretly pleased at their sliding into that economy for which the fear of the imputation of self-interest or apostasy prevented them in their persons to declare.

And yet all of a sudden, without any manner of provocation, a million of her Majesty's subjects are to have the law by which they enjoy the dearest blessings of life taken from them: an act that will certainly gain to us all that are not worth having, and make those who are animated by virtue and piety more averse to us. They will have a juster exception against us from this very act than they had before. Kind treatment every day

brought new proselytes amongst us, and they were insensibly wrought into our sentiments, but either as men or as Christians they must abhor the thought of adhering to us out of fear. This motive is in itself a faulty one for resigning not only any tenet of religion but of common obligation. Passive obedience is said to be a doctrine of the Church of England, but it is a terrible article to be made the first in the catechism, as it would be to those who are to come in upon compulsion.

When we consider the putting this law in execution, there cannot be a more pleasant image presented to the imagination than a poor schismatic schoolmistress brought before a zealous, angry squire for transgressing this act, and teaching one Presbyterian, yet little more than an animal, in what the letter D differed from the letter B; maliciously insinuating to another schismatic aged five years old, without license from the ordinary, that O is round; and not contenting herself with merely showing to the said schismatics the letters of a certain book covered with horn but instructing the said heretics to put them together and make words of them, as appears by the affidavit of one who heard one infant schismatic say *o – f, of*, another, *o – b, ob*. Prodigious, that a church adorned with so many excellent and learned members, supplied by two famous universities, both endowed with ample revenues, immunities, and jurisdictions, should be affronted with the offer of being reinforced with penal laws against the combination of women and children! You might with the same propriety provide against schismatic nurses.

XXI.

[The Dedication, to Mrs. Steele, of the third volume of the *Ladies' Library*.]

July 21, 1714.

Madam,

If great obligations received are just motives for addresses of this kind, you have an unquestionable pretension to my acknowledgments, who have condescended to give me your very self. I can make no return for so inestimable a favour but in acknowledging the generosity of the giver. To have either wealth, wit, or beauty, is generally a temptation to a woman to put an unreasonable value upon herself; but with all these, in a degree which drew upon you the addresses of men of the amplest fortunes, you bestowed your person where you could have no expectations but from the gratitude of the receiver, though you knew he could exert that gratitude in no other returns but esteem and love. For which must I first thank you? for what you have denied yourself, or for what you have bestowed on me?

I owe to you that for my sake you have overlooked the prospect of living in pomp and plenty, and I have not been circumspect enough to preserve you from care and sorrow. I will not dwell upon this particular; you are so good a wife that I know you think I rob you of more than I can give, when I say anything in your favour to my own disadvantage.

Whoever should see or hear you, would think it were worth leaving all the world for you; while I, habitually possessed of that happiness, have been throwing away impotent endeavours for the rest of mankind, to the neglect of her for whom any other man, in his senses, would be apt to sacrifice everything else.

I know not by what unreasonable prepossession it is, but methinks there must be something austere to give authority to wisdom ; and I cannot account for having only rallied many seasonable sentiments of yours but that you are too beautiful to appear judicious.

One may grow fond, but not wise, from what is said by so lovely a counsellor. Hard fate, that you have been lessened by your perfections, and lost power by your charms !

That ingenuous spirit in all your behaviour, that familiar grace in your words and actions, has for this seven years only inspired admiration and love ; but experience has taught me, the best counsel I ever have received has been pronounced by the fairest and softest lips ; and convinced me that I am in you blest with a wise friend as well as a charming mistress.

Your mind shall no longer suffer by your person ; nor shall your eyes, for the future, dazzle me into a blindness towards your understanding. I rejoice in this public occasion to shew my esteem for you ; and must do you the justice to say, that there can be no virtue represented in all this collection for the female world, which I have not known you exert, as far as the opportunities of your fortune have given you leave. Forgive me, that my heart overflows with love and gratitude for daily instances of your prudent economy, the just disposition you make of your little affairs, your cheerfulness in dispatch of them, your prudent forbearance of any reflections that they might have needed less vigilance had you disposed of your fortune suitably ; in short, for all the arguments you every day give me of a generous and sincere affection.

It is impossible for me to look back on many evils and pains which I have suffered since we came together, without a pleasure which is not to be expressed, from the

proofs I have had, in those circumstances, of your unwearied goodness. How often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head! How often anguish from my afflicted heart! With how skilful patience have I known you comply with the vain projects which pain has suggested, to have an aching limb removed by journeying from one side of a room to another! How often, the next instant, travelled the same ground again, without telling your patient it was to no purpose to change his situation? If there are such beings as Guardian Angels, thus they are employed. I will no more believe one of them more good in its inclinations, than I can conceive it more charming in its form, than my Wife.

But I offend; and forget that what I say to you is to appear in public. You are so great a lover of home that I know it will be irksome to you to go into the world even in an applause. I will end this without so much as mentioning your little flock, or your own amiable figure at the head of it. That I think them preferable to all other children, I know, is the effect of passion and instinct. That I believe you the best of wives, I know proceeds from experience and reason.

I am, Madam,

Your most obliged husband

and most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

XXII.

[From *Mr. Steele's Apology for Himself and his Writings; Occasioned by his Expulsion from the House of Commons, 1714.*]

But I flatter myself that I shall convince all my fellow-subjects of my innocence from the following circumstances,

allowed to be of weight in all trials of this nature : from the general character of the offender, the motive to his offence, and the character of the persons who appear for him, opposed to those who are against him. There are some points to be allowed which bear hard against the prisoner at the bar, and we must grant this by way of confessing and avoiding, and give it up, that the defendant has been as great a libertine as a confessor. We will suppose, then, a witness giving an account of him, who, if he spoke true, would say as follows.

"I have been long acquainted with Mr. Steele, who is accused as a malicious writer, and can give an account of him (from what he used to confess to us his private friends) what was the chief motive of his first appearing in print. Besides this, I have read everything he has writ or published. He first became an author when an ensign of the Guards, a way of life exposed to much irregularity, and, being thoroughly convinced of many things of which he often repented and which he more often repeated, he writ, for his own private use, a little book called the *Christian Hero*, with a design principally to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity toward unwarrantable pleasures. This secret admonition was too weak ; he therefore printed the book with his name, in hopes that a standing testimony against himself, and the eyes of the world (that is to say, of his acquaintance) upon him in a new light, might curb his desires and make him ashamed of understanding and seeming to feel what was virtuous and living so quite contrary a life. This had no other good effect but that from being thought no undelightful companion he was soon reckoned a disagreeable fellow. One or two of his acquaintance thought fit to misuse him and try their valour upon him,

and everybody he knew measured the least levity in his words and actions with the character of a Christian hero. Thus he found himself slighted, instead of being encouraged, for his declarations as to religion, and it was now incumbent upon him to enliven his character, for which reason he writ the comedy called *The Funeral*, in which (though full of incidents that move laughter) virtue and vice appear just as they ought to do. Nothing can make the town so fond of a man as a successful play, and this, with some particulars enlarged upon to his advantage (for princes never hear good or evil in the manner others do), obtained him the notice of the King, and his name, to be provided for, was in the last table-book ever worn by the glorious and immortal William the Third.

"His next appearance as a writer was in the quality of the lowest minister of state, to wit, in the office of Gazetteer, where he worked faithfully according to order, without ever erring against the rule observed by all ministries, to keep that paper very innocent and very insipid.

"It is believed it was to the reproaches he heard every Gazette-day against the writer of it that the defendant owes the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what people say, which he does not deserve, except in so great cases as that now before us. His next productions were still plays, then the *Tatler*, then the *Spectator*, then the *Guardian*, then the *Englishman*. And now, though he has published and scribbled so very much, he may defy any man to find one leaf in all these writings which is not, in point, a defence against this imputation, to find a leaf which does not mediately or immediately tend to the honor of the Queen or the service of the nobility and gentry, or which is not particularly respectful to the universities. Farther this witness sayeth not."

XXIII.

[No. 12.] [From the *Theatre.*]

January 2 to April 5, 1720.

There never was more strict friendship than between those gentlemen; nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing. The one with patience, foresight, and temperate address, always waited and stemmed the torrent; while the other often plunged himself into it, and was as often taken out by the temper of him who stood weeping on the brink for his safety, whom he could not dissuade from leaping into it. Thus these two men lived for some years last past, shunning each other, but still preserving the most passionate concern for their mutual welfare. But when they met, they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw they differed, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other.

XXIV.

[From Act IV., Scene 1, of *The Conscious Lovers*, a successful sentimental drama, first played November 7, 1722. The priggish hero, Belvil, Junior, the model of all filial and humane virtues, thus nobly avoids a duel with his friend Myrtle, who wrongly imagines him the accepted suitor of Lucinda.]

Bevil, jun. I put on a serenity while my fellow was present, but I have never been more thoroughly disturbed. This hot man, to write me a challenge, on supposed artificial dealing, when I professed myself his friend! I can live contented without glory; but I cannot suffer shame. What's to be done? But first let me consider Lucinda's letter again. [*Reads.*

Sir, I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge that your manner of declining a treaty of marriage in our family and desiring the refusal may come from me, has something more engaging in it than the courtship of him who, I fear, will fall to my lot, except your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness. I have reasons for desiring Mr. Myrtle may not know of this letter till hereafter, and am your most obliged humble servant,

LUCINDA SEALAND.

Well, but the postscript. [*Reads.*

I won't, upon second thoughts, hide anything from you; but my reason for concealing this is that Mr. Myrtle has a jealousy in his temper which gives me some terrors; but my esteem for him inclines me to hope that only an ill effect which sometimes accompanies a tender love and what may be cured by a careful and unblamable conduct.

Thus has this lady made me her friend and confidant, and put herself, in a kind, under my protection; I cannot tell him immediately the purport of her letter, except I could cure him of the violent and untractable passion of jealousy, and to serve him and her by disobeying her in the article of secrecy more than I should by complying with her directions. But then this duelling, which custom has imposed upon every man who would live with reputation and honour in the world. How must I preserve myself from imputations there? He 'll, forsooth, call it, or think it, fear, if I explain without fighting. But his letter — I 'll read it again.

Sir, You have used me basely, in corresponding and carrying on a treaty where you told me you were indif-

ferent. I have changed my sword since I saw you, which advertisement I thought proper to send you, against the next meeting between you and the injured

CHARLES MYRTLE.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, sir. Would your honour please to see him?

Bevil, jun. Why you stupid creature! Let Mr. Myrtle wait at my lodgings! Show him up. [*Exit* TOM.] Well, I am resolved upon my carriage to him. He is in love, and in every circumstance of life a little distrustful, which I must allow for. But here he is.

Enter TOM *introducing* MYRTLE.

Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour. — But, sir, you, with your very discerning face, leave the room. [*Exit* TOM.] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me.

Myrtle. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances which affect me on this occasion, oblige me without farther ceremony or conference to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but also comply with the request in it. I must have farther notice taken of my message than these half lines — "I have yours" — "I shall be at home."

Bevil, jun. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you, in a very unusual style; but as I design everything in this matter shall be your own action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleased to confirm face to face, and I have already forgot the contents of your epistle.

Myr. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuse you have already made of my simplicity and frankness; and I see your moderation tends to your own advantage, and not mine; to your own safety, not consideration of your friend.

Bevil, jun. My own safety, Mr. Myrtle!

Myr. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bevil, jun. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at; but, sir, you know I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

Myr. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil, it would be a good first principle in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries as —

Bevil, jun. As what?

Myr. As fear of answering for 'em.

Bevil, jun. As fear of answering for 'em! But that apprehension is just or blamable according to the object of that fear. I have often told you, in confidence of heart, I abhorred the daring to offend the Author of life and rushing into His presence. I say, by the very same act, to commit the crime against Him and immediately to urge on to His tribunal.

Myr. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you this coolness, this gravity, this show of conscience, shall never cheat me of my mistress. You have, indeed, the best excuse for life, the hopes of possessing Lucinda: but, consider, sir, I have as much reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the dauntless man who is to be her guardian and protector.

Bevil, jun. Sir, show me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authorized by my own hand to vindi-

cate any lawless insult of this nature, and I will show thee — to chastise thee hardly deserves the name of courage — slight, inconsiderate man! There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such terror in quick anger; and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myr. Is the woman one loves so little an occasion of anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket, for your loose hours, and from your fortune, your specious outward carriage, and other lucky circumstances, as easy a way to the possession of a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, to be distracted, with anxiety and terror of losing more than life. Your marriage, happy man, goes on like common business, and in the interim you have your rambling captive, your Indian princess, for your soft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bevil, jun. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and I 'm excusable in the guard of innocence, or from the infirmity of human nature, which can bear no more, to accept your invitation, and observe your letter. Sir, I 'll attend you.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Did you call, sir? I thought you did. I heard you speak aloud.

Bevil, jun. Yes, go call a coach.

Tom. Sir — master — Mr. Myrtle — friends — gentlemen — What d' ye mean? I am but a servant, or —

Bevil, jun. Call a coach. [*Exit* TOM.

[*A long pause, walking sullenly by each other.*

[*Aside.*] Shall I, though provoked to the uttermost, recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that

my servant too, and not have respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the best of fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whose life depends on mine? [*Shutting the door.*

[*To* MYRTLE.] I have, thank heaven, had time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the false appearances under which your infirmity of temper makes you suffer, when, perhaps, too much regard to a false point of honour makes me prolong that suffering.

Myr. I am sure Mr. Bevil cannot doubt but I had rather have satisfaction from his innocence than his sword.

Bevil, jun. Why, then, would you ask it first that way?

Myr. Consider, you kept your temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the disadvantage of her you loved.

Bevil, jun. True. But, let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite distress, even though you had succeeded in the dispute. I know you so well that I am sure to have found this letter about a man you had killed would have been worse than death to yourself. Read it. [*Aside.*] When he is thoroughly mortified, and shame has got the better of jealousy, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda.

Myr. With what a superiority has he turned the injury on me, as the aggressor! I begin to fear I have been too far transported. "A treaty in our family!" Is not that saying too much? I shall relapse. But I find (on the postscript) something like "jealousy." With what face can I see my benefactor, my advocate, whom I have treated like a betrayer. — Oh, Bevil! with what words shall I —

Bevil, jun. There needs none; to convince is much more than to conquer.

Myr. But can you —

Bevil, jun. You have o'erpaid the inquietude you gave me in the change I see in you towards me. Alas, what machines are we! Thy face is altered to that of another man; to that of my companion, my friend.

Myr. That I could be such a precipitate wretch!

Bevil, jun. Pray, no more.

Myr. Let me reflect how many friends have died by the hands of friends for want of temper; and you must give me a leave to say again and again how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdued me with. What had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was and as incapable of reason?

Bevil, jun. I congratulate to us both the escape from ourselves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

Myr. Dear Bevil, your friendly conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly but what is conducted by reason and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice; and yet how many have been sacrified to that idol, the unreasonable opinion of men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it that they often use their swords against each other, with dissembled anger and real fear.

Betrayed by honour, and compelled by shame,
They hazard being, to preserve a name,
Nor dare inquire into the dread mistake
Till plunged in sad eternity they wake.

[*Exeunt.*

XXV.

[*Letters*, 1716–17.]

1.

Dearest Prue

This is only to ask how you do.

I am

Yr-Betty-Dick-Eugene Mollys

Humble Servant

RICHARD STEELE.

2.

Dear Prue

Molly's distemper proves the Small Pox, which she has very favourably and a good kind. Mrs. Evans is very good and Nurse Jevase very diligent; Sarah has every good Quality and the whole family are in Health beside the dear infant.

I am very Close at my Papers not having been two hours out of the House since I parted with You. Pray take care of yourself. I Love You to distraction for I cannot be angry at any thing you do, let it be never so odd and unexpected to the Tenderest of Husbands.

RICHARD STEELE.

Saturday, Novbr 17th, 1716.

We had not when you left us an Inch of Candle a pound of Coal or a bit of Meat, in the House. But we do not want now. R. S.

3.

Dear Prue *Christmas-Day.*

I went the other day to see Betty at Chelsea who represented to Me in Her pretty language that she seemed helplesse, and Freindlesse without any bodye's taking

notice of Her at Christmas, when all the Children but she and two more were with their Relations. I have invited Her to dinner to day, with one of the Teachers, and they are here now in the room Betty and Moll very Noisy and Pleased together. Besse goes back again as soon as she has dined to Chelsea. I have stay'd in to get a very advantageous affair dispatched, for I assure you I Love money at present as well as y^r^ Lp and am Intirely Yours

RICHARD STEELE.

I told Betty I had writ to You and she Made me open My letter again and give Her Humble Duty to Her Mother, and desire to Know when she shall have the Honour to see Her in Town. She gives Her Love to Mrs. Bevans and all Her Cousins.

4.

Dear Prue

I am very well pleased with the behavior of David at Oxford, who has render'd Himself very agreeable to all the Whigg World on a very proper occasion, at Oxon. He spoke contemptibly of the pretender in a publick Speech and the Proctor thought fitt to reprove Him thereupon. The Bishop of Bangor takes occasion to espouse him in this juncture.

Your Daughter Moll is noisy, Betty very Grave, and Eugene very Strong and Lusty. We are not yet paid a farthing : when We are I shall send you down a receipt for Betty's Scooling.

Ever Yours,

RICHARD STEELE.

Feb. 28th, 171⅚.

5.

HAMPTON-COURT,

Dear Prue *March 16th, 171⅚.*

If you have written anything to me which I should have received last night I begg Your pardon that I cannot answer till the next post. The House of Commons will be very busie the next Week and I had many things publick and private for which I wanted four and twenty Hours retirement and therefore came to visit your Son. I came out of Town yesterday being Friday and shall return to-morrow. Your Son at the present writing is mighty well employed in Tumbling on the Floor of the room, and Sweeping the sand with a Feather. He grows a most delightfull Child, and very full of Play and Spiritt. He is also a very great Scholar. He can read His Primer, and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks upon the Pictures. We are very intimate Friends and Play fellows. He begins to be very ragged and I hope I shall be pardoned if I equip Him with new Cloaths and Frocks or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for His Service.

I am, Dear Prue, Ever Yours

RICHARD STEELE.

6.

Dear Prue *May 22d, 1717.*

Your Son is now with Me very Merry in Rags, which Condition I am going to better ; For He shall have new things immediately. He is extremely pretty and has his face sweetened with something of the Venus His Mother, which is no small delight to the Vulcan who begott Him.

Ever yours,

RICHARD STEELE.

7.

Dear Prue

I have Yours of the 14th and am infinitly obliged to You for the length of it. I do not know another whome I could commend for that Circumstance, but where we intirely Love the continuance of any thing they do to please us is a pleasure. As for your relations; once for all pray take it for granted that my regard and conduct towards all and singular of them shall be as You direct.

I hope by the Grace of God to continue what you wish Me, every way, an Honest man. My Wife and my Children are the objects that have wholly taken up my Heart, and as I am not invited, or encouraged in any thing which regards the publick, I am easy under that neglect, or envy of my past actions, and Chearfully contract that diffusive spirit within the interests of my own family. You are the Head of Us and I stoop to a female reign as being naturally made the Slave of Beauty. But to prepare for our manner of living when we are again together, Give me leave to say, while I am here at Leisure and come to lye at Chelsea, what I think may contribute to our better way of Living. I very much approve Mrs. Evans and Her Husband, and if you would take my advice I would have them have a being in Our House, and Mrs. Clark the care and inspection of the Nursery. I would have You, intirely at Leisure to passe your time with Me in diversions, in Books, in Entertainments, and no manner of Businesse intrude upon Us but at stated times; for, tho' you are made to be the delight of my Eyes, and food of all my Senses and faculties Yet a Turn of Care and Huswifry, and I know not what prepossession against conversation pleasures, robbs Me of the Witty and the Handsome Woman to a degree not to be expressed. I will work my brains and fingers to procure

us plenty of all things, and demand nothing of you but to take delight in agreeable dresses, Chearfull discourses, and Gay sights attended by Me. This may be done by putting the Kitchen and the nursery in the hands I propose, and I shall have nothing to do but to passe as much time at home as I possibly can, in the best Company in the World. We cannot tell Here what to think of the Tryall of my Lord Oxford; if the Ministry are in Earnest in that, and I should see it will be extended to a length of time I will leave them to themselves and Wait upon You. Miss Moll grows a mighty Beauty, and she shall be very prettily dressed, as likewise shall Betty and Eugene, and if I throw away a little money in adorning my Brats, I hope you will forgive Me. They are, I thank God, all very well, and the Charming Form of their mother has temper'd the likenesse they bear to their rough Sire, who is, With the greatest fondnesse

Y^r^ most oblig'd and most Obedient Husband

RICHARD STEELE.

NOTES.

I., II. LETTERS.

THROUGHOUT the volume Steele's letters have in every case been reprinted from the text employed, after a careful examination of the originals, by Mr. Aitkin in his *Life of Sir Richard Steele*, rather than from the modernized text as published in Nichols's *Epistolary Correspondence*.

A good idea of university life in the eighteenth century may be obtained from Christopher Wordsworth's *Scholae Academicae: some account of the studies at the English universities in the eighteenth century* (1877); and his *Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century* (1874). See also Lecky, *England in the Eighteenth Century*, ii, 534 sq.

1 6 Dr. Henry Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church from 1689 to 1710. For his famous catch, "Hark! the bonny Christ Church bells," alluded to in the *Tatler*, No. 34, see Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, p. 454.

2 7 Dr. John Hough (1650–1743), whom the Fellows of Magdalen appointed president of the college in 1687, rejecting a mandamus from James II. He was removed from office by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, but reinstated in 1688. In 1690 he had been made Bishop of Oxford, retaining the presidentship of Magdalen. See Macaulay, *History of England*, chap. vii.

III., IV. THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

The text follows the first edition, excepting in the case of a few familiar eighteenth-century contractions (*e.g.*, *'em* for *them*), which would have given to modern readers a false conception of the easy but dignified style of the composition. For the *Christian Hero*, see Introduction, pages xi and xlviii. Steele's style, in his moral writings, reminds one strongly of that of Dr. Tillotson, whom he seems to have been fond of reading.

3 19 Two opposing contemporary conceptions of Lord Cutts's character may be found in Swift's coarse verses, *The Description of a Salamander*, and in Addison's Latin poem, *Pax Gulielmi*. See also the *Tatler*, No. 5. In later years Steele thought he had reason to be dissatisfied with Cutts's treatment of him. See the correspondence printed in Aitkin's *Life of Sir Richard Steele*, vol. i., pages 135, 136.

4 9–12 **Buda.** The citadel of Buda (now Budapest) was wrested from the hands of the Turks in 1686, after a series of brilliant successes. Lord Cutts served in the crusading army, which was made up in part of volunteers from all the European powers, under the Duke of Lorraine. **Limerick and Namur.** The capture of Limerick, in October, 1691, put an end to the power of the Jacobite party in Ireland. The taking of Namur (1695) was the first success of William III. in the war of the allies against Louis XIV.

"The king in person directed the attack. . . . Conspicuous in bravery even among those brave English was Cutts. In that bulldog courage which flinches from no danger, however terrible, he was unrivalled. There was no difficulty in finding hardy volunteers, German, Dutch, and British, to go on a forlorn hope: but Cutts was the only man who appeared to consider such an expedition as a party of pleasure. He was so much at his ease in the hottest fire of the French batteries that his soldiers gave him the honorable nickname of the Salamander." — Macaulay, *History of England*, chap. xxi.

5 14 This seems to contradict Machiavelli's general conception of the function of religion in a state. See the translation that Steele may well have used, E(dward) D(acres)'s *Machiavelli's Discourses upon the First Decade of T. Livius*, second edition, London, 1674, bk. i., chaps. xi.–xv.

6 22 **Sallust has transmitted to us.** In his *Catiline*, chap. liii.

10 1 **Two great rivals.** William III. and Louis XIV.

V. THE FUNERAL.

The text used for Steele's plays is that of 1761, corrected by comparison with that of Mr. Aitkin, who has collated the chief earlier editions, in the *Mermaid Series*. For the main facts concerning *The Funeral*, see Introduction, pages xi, xlix–lii.

12 12 Richard Lucas, D.D. (1648–1715), author of the *Enquiry after Happiness* and *Practical Christianity*. See the *Guardian*, No. 63.

14 19 **Tringham, trangham:** usually "trangram," *i.e.*, trumpery.

14 25 Daniel Purcell's music for the song may be found in Appendix iv. of Aitkin's *Life of Steele.*

15 22 Henry Lawes (1595–1662), Milton's friend.

18 22 **Closet.** A small private apartment; not, of course, in the modern sense of a place for putting clothes, etc.

18 25 **Pantofles,** slippers. Probably Lady Harriot had lost her loose slippers in running round the room (page 16, line 21).

VI. THE TENDER HUSBAND.

The title imitates Cibber's *The Careless Husband,* which had been produced a few months before, Dec. 7, 1704. Sir Humphrey Gubbin, Humphrey Gubbin, and Biddy Tipkin are supposed to have been the originals of Fielding's Squire Western, Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin, and Sheridan's Lydia Languish. For references to the play, see Introduction, pages xii, xlix–lii.

21 21 **Annuities.** Under the act of 1692 the national debt of England was begun by borrowing a million pounds, which was raised by life annuities. "As the annuitants dropped off, their annuities were to be divided among the survivors, till the number of survivors was reduced to seven. After that time, whatever fell in was to go to the public. It was therefore certain that the eighteenth century would be far advanced before the debt would be finally extinguished; and, in fact, long after King George the Third was on the throne, a few aged men were receiving large incomes from the State, in return for a little money which had been advanced to King William on their account when they were children. The rate of interest was to be ten per cent until the year 1700, and after that year seven per cent." — Macaulay, *History of England,* chap. xix. Annuities were naturally the object of much business speculation, especially when the Government transferred part of its obligations to the famous South Sea Company (1720).

22 32 For an account of these *idle romances,* pastoral and heroic, see Jusserand's *English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare,* chaps. v. and vii., and Rawleigh's *The English Novel,* chap. iv.

23 7 The names were familiar ones in the popular romances. Urganda (27 19) was the enchantress in *Amadis of Gaul* and its sequels. Pamela (27 25) and Musidorus (27 26) are from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia.* Parthenissa (29 5) was the heroine of Boyle's romance of the same name (1651). Oroondates and Satira (30 8) were the principal personages in La Calprenède's *Cassandra.*

23 28 **Sisly,** *i.e.*, Cicely, formerly a familiar feminine name in England. The daughter of William the Conqueror had been named Cécile.

25 5 Lombard Street, for centuries associated with banking and finance, was in the eighteenth century still a place of residence as well as of business. See the description of London in the third chapter of Macaulay's *History of England.*

25 32 **Liberties.** "By the city of London we are to comprehend no more than the part encompassed formerly by the wall of the city. The liberties, or those parts of this great city which are subject to its jurisdiction, and lie without the wall or walls of London." Entick, *A New and Accurate Survey of London, etc.*, London, 1766, vol. iii., p. 303.

VII. PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKE.

Steele's good-humored complaints in regard to the taste of theatre-goers are fully borne out by contemporary writers. See, for instance, Cibber's *Apology*, chap. x. In the prologue to *The Funeral* Steele had made a similar charge: —

> "Nature's deserted, and dramatic art,
> To dazzle now the eye, has left the heart;
> Gay lights and dresses, long-extended scenes,
> Demons and angels moving in machines,
> All that can now or please or fright the fair
> May be performed without a writer's care,
> And is the skill of carpenter, not player."

30 26 Du Ruel was a French dancer who was at the time performing at the Theatre Royal.

VIII. LETTERS, 1707–8.

See Introduction, pages xix. xlviii. (1) was, according to Nichols, written August 14, and was Steele's third letter to Mary Scurlock; (2) and (6) were published, somewhat altered, in No. 142 of the *Spectator.*

33 7 **Ld. Sunderland's Office.** Steele's duties as Gazetteer (see page xiii) made the office of the Secretary of the State his headquarters.

33 21 **Mrs.** Respectable women, whether married or single, were addressed as Mistress.

34 20 **Saint James's Coffee-house.** See note on page 44, l. 2.

34 28 **Hampton-Court.** William III. removed the court thither. See Macaulay's *History*, chap. xi.

35 25 **Husband.** The marriage probably took place on Sept. 9, 1707, though Mrs. Steele would not live with her husband until some weeks later, when her mother, who was in Wales, had consented to the match.

36 29 **West-Indian businesse** refers to certain property in Barbados, which Steele had inherited through his first wife.

37 7 **Devil Tavern.** Either there were three taverns of the same name, or that here referred to was one of the two near Temple Bar, called respectively "The Old Devil Tavern" and the "Young Devil Tavern." The name originated from the painted sign of the older house, which, in honor of the neighboring church of St. Dunstan's, represented the saint as pulling the devil by the nose.

37 24 Aitkin notes that "Edward Ash, Esq., M. P. for Heytesbury, was made storekeeper of the ordnance in April, 1710 (Luttrell's *Diary*, vi., 566)," and that Mr. Lumley was "perhaps Lieut.-General Lumley, who, like 'R. Edgecomb, Esq.,' was a subscriber to the collected edition of the *Tatler*."

38 5 **Tonson,** "the bookseller in Gray's-Inn." — Aitkin.

38 27 **The Coach.** The household of the Steeles was early set up on an extravagant basis.

41 11 **The Beauties in the Garden** were obviously Mrs. Steele and her companion. Steele had taken, in 1708, an expensive country house at Hampton Wick. Lord Halifax lived near Hampton Court.

42 6 **Bohee,** bohea, the name given in the beginning of the eighteenth century to the finest kinds of black tea.

IX. THE TATLER.

The text of the extracts from Steele's periodical writings is that of the original papers themselves, except in cases where important modifications were made by Steele or his representatives in the early collected editions. All necessary information in regard to the *Tatler* will be found in Aitkin. The first annotated edition was that of Nichols, 1786, to which all subsequent editions, including the present one, are deeply indebted. Our knowledge in regard to the authorship of the papers in the *Tatler* is thus concisely stated by Aitkin (i., 257): "None of the papers in the *Tatler*, as originally issued, bore any indication of their author's name, and it is occasionally difficult and even impossible to determine who wrote a paper or a portion of a paper. The reliable information that we have is furnished, firstly, by Steele's preface to the *Tatler*, in which

he announced the authorship of certain papers ; and, secondly, by the list of papers by Addison which Steele supplied to Tickell. But that list was not complete, because, as Steele says in the Preface to the second edition of the *Drummer*, 'what I never did declare was Mr. Addison's, I had his direct injunctions to hide.' . . . Many of the writings now published as his I have been very patiently traduced and calumniated for, as they were pleasantries and oblique strokes upon certain of the wittiest men of the age.' It is well known, too, that Swift would not confess all that he wrote. There are, therefore, a few papers respecting which a doubt remains."

42 20 **Quicquid agunt,** etc. Juvenal, *Satires*, i., 86 : "What mankind does shall my collections fill." This and succeeding translations of mottoes, unless otherwise stated, are taken from *The Mottoes of the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, translated into English*, by Rev. J. Broughton, second edition, London, 1737.

43 12 **For the convenience of the post.** It was on those days that the important inland posts left London.

43 33 **White's Chocolate-house,** in St. James's Street, became notorious very early in the eighteenth century as a fashionable gambling-house. See Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, Pt. iv.

43 33 **Will's Coffee-house,** on Russell Street, so called from William Urwin, who kept it, was "sacred to polite letters." See Macaulay, *History*, chap. iii., Pepys, *Diary*, Feb. 3, 1663–4, Prior, *City and Country Mouse.*

44 1 **Grecian.** "In Devereux Court, Strand, and named from a Greek, Constantine, who kept it. Close to the Temple, it was a place of resort for lawyers." — Morley's *Spectator.*

44 2 **Saint James's Coffee-house.** "The last house but one on the south-west corner of Saint James's Street; closed about 1806. Near St. James's Palace, it was a place of resort for Whig officers of the Guards and men of fashion. It was famous also in Queen Anne's reign, and long after, as the house most favored by Whig statesmen and members of Parliament, who could there privately discuss their party tactics." — Morley.

44 9 **Plain Spanish,** wine.

44 11 **Kidney,** one of the waiters at St. James's Coffee-house. *Cf.* in the same number: "Mr. Kidney, who has the ear of the greatest politicians that come hither, tells me," etc. See also Nos. 10 and 26.

44 26 **The death of Mr. Partridge.** Partridge, whose real name was Hewson, was a well-known quack. His almanac for 1708 suggested to Swift his clever practical joke, *Predictions for the year 1708*, "wherein

the month and day of the month are set down, the persons named, and the great actions and events of next year particularly related, as they will come to pass. Written to prevent the people of England from being further imposed upon by vulgar almanac-makers. By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq." Swift predicted Partridge's death, and in a subsequent pamphlet gave a detailed account of it. Partridge protested in his almanac for 1709, but Swift carried on his jest, in which other wits now joined, until Isaac Bickerstaff was so familiar a character that Steele saw his way to making him responsible for the opinions of the *Tatler*. Swift's *Predictions* is reprinted in Arber's *English Garner*, vol. vi.

44 32 **In another place,** *i.e.*, in Swift's second pamphlet.

45 23 **A common sharper.** Steele justly prided himself on his vigorous and successful attacks on "gamesters and duellists." See his preface to the octavo edition of 1710: "As for this point, never hero in romance was carried away with a more furious ambition to conquer giants and tyrants than I have been in extirpating gamesters and duellists. And indeed, like one of those knights, too, though I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again when the thing that first disturbed me is presented to my imagination. I shall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with windmills no more; only shall be so arrogant as to say of myself, that, in spite of all the force of fashion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an English gentleman, whose fortune and life are at this day precarious, while his estate is liable to the demands of gamesters through a false sense of justice, and to the demands of duellists through a false sense of honour. As to the first of these orders of men, I have not one word more to say of them: as to the latter, I shall conclude all I have more to offer against them, with respect to their being prompted by the fear of shame, by applying to the duellist what I think Dr. South says somewhere of the liar, 'He is a coward to man, and a bravo to God.'"

46 15 **Peter's order to the keeper, in the Tale of a Tub.** This passage, the profanity of which Steele softens, concludes a letter (in section iv.) from Emperor Peter (the pope), who directed all the authorities of the law to release, under the penalty which Steele mentions, such persons, whatever might be their guilt, as had previously presented him with a sufficient bribe.

48 10 **Bedlam.** The Bethlehem Hospital for the insane, founded in 1547. From the early part of the seventeenth century it was one of the sights of London. See Webster, *Westward Ho*, iv., 3; Jonson, *Silent Woman*, iv., 2. It was regularly open as an exhibition to the public, for a small fee, and hundreds of people sometimes came in a day to behold

the whimsical and often shameful sight, and divert themselves by making sport of the inmates, who, if violent, were chained in cells covered with straw. See *Tatler*, No. 127 ; *The World*, No. 23, June 7, 1753 ; and Plate 8 of Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*.

51 7 **Knights of the Industry** (*cf.* "chevaliers d'industrie"), men living by their wits, *i.e.*, gamblers.

51 15 **By the conversation of,** by associating with.

51 16 **Myrmidons.** See No. 56 : "The rise and fall of the family of *Sharpers* in all ages has been my contemplation. I find all times have had of this people : Homer in his excellent heroic poem calls them Myrmidons, who were a body that kept among themselves, and had nothing to lose ; therefore spared neither Greek nor Trojan, when they fell in their way, upon a party."

54 13 **Ubi idem,** etc. Valerius Maximus, iii., vi., 3 : "Where there is at once the greatest and most honorable love, it is sometimes better to be joined by death than to be parted by life."

55 9 **Shoulder-knot.** The fashion of wearing a knot of ribbon on the shoulder was introduced from France at the Restoration.

56 26 **Si non errasset,** etc. Martial, iv., 1: "Had he not erred his glory had been less."

58 9 **That memorable night.** In 1689 (April 29) the opera house at Copenhagen was burnt, and "above two hundred persons, chiefly of the best quality, lost their lives." (See Lord Molesworth's *Account of Denmark in 1692*, etc., fourth edition.) — Dobson.

59 32 **Quae gratia,** etc. *Æneid*, vi., 653, 655.

60 5 **Interea dulces,** etc. Virgil, *Georgics*, ii., 523 : "Meantime his children hang upon his lips, his faithful bed is crowned with chaste delight."

61 13 **Teraminta.** The artificial names of the older Italianized poetry lingered even into Steele's time.

63 6 **Her baby,** *i.e.*, her doll.

63 7 **Gossiping,** christening.

63 29 **Open-breasted.** With the waistcoat open. See *Tatler*, No. 246 : "There is a fat fellow, whom I have long remarked wearing his breast open in the midst of winter, out of an affectation of youth. I have therefore sent him just now the following letter in my physical capacity : —

"'Sir, — From the twentieth instant to the first of May next, both days inclusive, I beg you to button your waistcoat from your collar to your waistband. I am

Your most humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, *Philomath*.'"

64 3 **Front box.** In Queen Anne's time ladies occupied the front and gentlemen the side boxes.

64 12 **Point of war,** alarum.

64 24 **Don Belianis of Greece** was an extravagant Spanish romance of the sixteenth century by Jeronimo Fernandez, which attained popularity in England. See Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature*, i., 216. A bulky companion romance, *Felixmate of Hircania*, Dr. Johnson is said to have read quite through one summer while at Bishop Percy's parsonage-house, and *Don Belianis* was counted among Burke's favorite reading. *Guy of Warwick* was the tale of a legendary English hero, whose great exploit was the slaying in single combat of a Danish giant. The story appeared in many forms and long continued a popular romance. See Jusserand, *English Novel in the time of Shakespeare*. *The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom* was the title of a long Euphuistic romance by Richard Johnson, published in 1596–1616, based on much earlier material, dealing with the exploits of seven national saints, St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. David of Wales, etc. *John* (*or Tom*) *Hickathrift*, like Jack the Giant Killer, was a mythical man of prowess, greatly beloved in English nurseries. See Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes*, and Ashton, *Chap-books of the Eighteenth Century* (the latter book gives an excellent idea of the reading of which Steele's young friend was so fond). The adventures of *Bevis of Southampton*, the French Beuve d'Hanstone, drawn from an old English poem, were turned into a prose romance in the sixteenth century. *St. George*, the mediæval "Christian hero," was an oriental saint, of obscure history, popular during the early crusades and adopted as the patron of England in the fourteenth century. His most famous feat in mediæval legend was the slaying of the dragon (the devil) and the rescue from it of the maiden who typified the Church.

65 20 **Habeo senectuti,** etc. Cicero, *De Senectute*, 46: "I hold myself obliged to old age, which has improved my desire after knowledge, and taken it away from eating and drinking."

66 10 **The Trumpet.** "This was a public house in Shire or Sheer Lane, by Temple Bar, upon the site of the New Law Courts, and still existed as the 'Duke of York' in Leigh Hunt's time (v. *The Town*, 1848, i., 148)." — Dobson.

67 21 **Jack Ogle,** "said to have been descended from a decent family in Devonshire, was a man of some genius and great extravagance, but artful rather than witty. The extensive knowledge which he is reported to have had of gaming must have been built on the ruins of his moral character. . . . It is said that [by the interest of his sister, the Duke of

York's mistress] Ogle was placed as a private gentleman in the first troop of foot-guards, at that time under the command of the Duke of Monmouth. To this era of Ogle's life the story of the red petticoat refers. He had pawned his trooper's cloak, and to save appearances at a review, had borrowed his landlady's red petticoat, which he carried rolled up *en croupe* behind him; the Duke of Monmouth smoked it, and willing to enjoy the confusion of a detection, gave order to *cloak all*, with which Ogle, after some hesitation, was obliged to comply; although he could not *cloak*, he said he could *petticoat* with the best of them." — Nichols.

67 34 **What day of the month it was then in Holland.** The Gregorian Calendar, adopted pretty generally in Europe on its promulgation in 1582, was not made legal in England until 1752.

68 10 **The couplet,** etc. *Hudibras*, Part i., Canto i., ll. 11, 12.

69 3 **With a lantern:** the streets were still very imperfectly lighted.

69 34 **"His tongue dropped manna."** *Paradise Lost*, ii., 113.

70 2 **Quod si in hoc erro,** etc. Cicero, *De Senectute*, last chapter: "What if I err in this, when I think that the souls of men are immortal, I err willingly; nor will I be undeceived in this error I so much delight in, while I live; if when I am dead I shall be sensible of nothing (as some obscure philosophers think), I do not fear the dead philosophers deriding my mistake."

70 11 **Free-thinker.** In Steele's time Rationalism, fostered by Locke's influence, was making strenuous claims for a fair hearing, especially through Collins's *A Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the Rise and Growth of a Sect called Freethinkers* (1713), Lyons's *The Infallibility of Human Judgment*, and Toland's *Christianity not Mysterious* (1696). Steele's position was that of a bitter opponent. See also *Guardian*, No. 9: "As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work [that of Collins, mentioned above] but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of *A Discourse of Free-thinking*." See Lecky's *History of the Rise of Rationalism in Europe; England in the Eighteenth Century*, chap. ix.; Leslie Stephen, *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, by index, under the names mentioned above; and Hettner's *Geschichte der englischen Literatur*, pages 168–187.

71 12 The favorite charge of the Deists, due to their ignorance in regard to the growth of religions, was that all religious systems were developed through priestcraft, — fraud practised for personal advantage on a superstitious populace.

71 27 **Certain minute philosophers.** *Cf.* the passage quoted at the head of the paper.

71 30 **In another passage.** *Tusculanae Disputationes*, i., 17.

73 6 **Segnius irritant,** etc. Horace, *Ars poetica*, 180 : —

> " Things only told, though of the same degree,
> Do raise our passions less than what we see."

73 17 **Betterton.** See Nos. 1, 71, and 157.

74 2 **The cloisters.** Betterton was buried in the east cloister of Westminster Abbey.

74 20 **Othello.** The services of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* in defending Shakspere's fame in a somewhat unappreciative age and Steele's hearty admiration for Shakspere are well known.

74 34 **The unhappy woman he has left behind him.** Mrs. Betterton (Miss Saunderson) had been scarcely less eminent as an actor than her husband.

75 12 **A certain great spirit.** Possibly Queen Anne, who settled a pension of a hundred pounds on the unhappy widow; more probably Lady Elizabeth Hastings, " the divine Aspasia," " the illustrious pattern to all who love things praiseworthy," of Nos. 42 and 49.

75 25 **Dies, ni fallor,** etc. *Æneid*, v., 49 : —

> " And now the rising day renews the year
> (A day forever sad, forever dear)."

78 29 **A brown woman,** a brunette.

81 10 **Posnet,** a small basin.

81 21 **Two leather forehead-cloths,** etc. " Into these *armentaria* of the middle-age toilet it does not become an annotator to pry too closely. The cloths and gloves were to soften the skin and remove wrinkles; the Spanish wool and Portugal dishes for 'complexions'; the plumpers for the cheeks. The black-lead combs were for darkening the hair; the fashionable eyebrows explain themselves. By ivory and box teeth, tooth-combs are probably intended." — Dobson. *Teeth* may, however, be artificial teeth, which were frequently advertised at the time.

81 24 **Plumpers,** balls for distending the cheeks.

82 5 **Turkey stone,** turquois.

82 6 **Jacobuses.** A Jacobus, or broad-piece, was a beautiful gold coin, worth twenty shillings, of the reign of James I.

82 9. **Crown-piece with the breeches.** The shilling of Cromwell's issue, the two shields on which resembled a pair of breeches.

82 10 **Lilly.** William Lilly (1602–81), a notorious astrologer, at times the political agent of the royalists and the party of Parliament. In 1644 he published his first almanac, *Merlinus Anglicus Junior, the English Merlin Revived*, and from that time he gave out an almanac each year, as well as many pamphlets of vague but pretentious prophecy.

82 10 **Langteraloo,** a fashionable game of cards.

82 13 **Cashu,** cachou, for sweetening the breath.

82 26 **Hungary water,** a popular scent (*aqua Reginae Hungariae*), a compound of lavender and rosemary.

82 32 **White-pots.** Whitepot was a sort of spiced custard pudding.

82 32 **Water of talc,** a famous cosmetic.

83 10 **Minima contentos nocte Britannos.** Juvenal, *Satires*, ii., 161 : "The Britains satisfied with little night." — It is interesting to notice that in regard to hours of dining and supping, as in many other respects, English habits in Steele's time were much like those of a small German city to-day. See Traill's *Social England*, iv., pages 592 ff., Sidney's *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, the chapters on manners and customs in Macaulay's and Lecky's histories, Malcolm's *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century*, Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, etc.

85 16 The following extracts from Gay's *The Present State of Wit, in a Letter to a Friend in the Country* (1711), reprinted in Arber's *English Garner*, vol. vi., are interesting in connection with Steele's valedictory : "Before I proceed further in the account of our Weekly Papers, it will be necessary to inform you that at the beginning of the winter, to the infinite surprise of all men, Mr. Steele flang up his *Tatler;* and instead of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, subscribed himself Richard Steele to the last of those papers, after a handsome compliment to the Town for their kind acceptance of his endeavours to divert them.

"The chief reason he thought fit to give for his leaving off writing was, that having been so looked on in all public places and companies as the author of those papers, he found that his most intimate friends and acquaintance were in pain to speak or act before him. . . . However that were, his disappearance seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity. Every one wanted so agreeable an amusement, and the coffee-houses began to be sensible that the Esquire's Lucubrations alone had brought them more customers than all their other newspapers put together. . . .

" To give you my own thoughts of this gentleman's writings, I shall, in the first place, observe, that there is a noble difference between him and all the rest of our polite and gallant authors. The latter have endeavoured to please the age by falling in with them and encouraging them in their fashionable vices and false notions of things. It would have been a jest, sometime since, for a man to have asserted that anything witty could be said in praise of a married state, or that devotion and virtue were any way necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. Bickerstaff ventured to tell the town that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke truth.

" Instead of complying with the false sentiments or vicious tastes of the age — either in morality, criticism, or breeding — he has boldly assured them that they were altogether in the wrong; and commanded them, with an authority which perfectly well became him, to surrender themselves to his arguments for virtue and good sense." [Then follows the paragraph quoted on page lv.]

" He has indeed rescued it [learning] out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea-tables and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the merchants on the Change. Accordingly there is not a lady at Court, nor a banker in Lombard Street, who is not verily persuaded that Captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England."

X. THE SPECTATOR.

" You may remember," said Gay in the letter quoted above, " that one cause assigned for the laying down of the *Tatler* was want of matter; and, indeed, this was the prevailing opinion in town: when we were surprised all at once by a paper called the *Spectator*, which was promised to be continued every day; and was written in so excellent a style, with so nice a judgment, and such a noble profusion of wit and humour, that it was not difficult to determine it could come from no other hands but those which had penned the *Lucubrations* [the *Tatler*] .... We had, at first, indeed, no manner of notion how a diurnal paper could be continued in the spirit and style of our present *Spectators;* but, to our no small surprise, we find them still rising upon us, and can only wonder from whence so prodigious a run of wit and learning can proceed; since some of our best judges seem to think that they have hitherto, in general, outshone even the Esquire's first *Tatlers*.

"Most people fancy, from their frequency, that they must be composed by a society: I withal assign the first places to Mr. Steele and his friend."— See also Swift's comments in his *Journal to Stella*, March 16 and April 28, and Defoe's in the *Review* for Oct. 2, 1711: "There is not a man in this nation that pays a greater veneration to the writings of the inimitable *Spectator* than the author of the *Review;* and that not only for his learning and wit, but especially for his applying that learning and wit to the true ends for which they were given, viz., the establishing virtue in, and the shaming vice out of, the world."

The range of the *Spectator* was not larger than that of the *Tatler;* the aims were substantially identical, the subjects treated were much the same. The greater success of the second periodical was due to the exclusion of politics, to the previous experience of the authors, to their rare unanimity and concord on all essential matters, and to the degree to which each allowed the other freedom of conception and execution. "The plan of the *Spectator*," says Tickell in his *Preface* to *Addison's Works* (1721), "as far as regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his Club, was projected in concert with Sir Richard Steele. . . . As for the distinct papers, they were seldom or never shewn to each other by their respective authors, who fully answered the promise they had made, and far outwent the expectation they had raised, of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength with which it was begun." Full details in regard to the circulation of the *Spectator* will be found in Aitkin, i., pages 309 ff. and in Drake's *Essays Illustrative of the Tatler*, etc. See also Ricken, *Bemerkungen über Anlage und Erfolg der wichtigsten Zeitschriften Steeles und den Einfluss Addisons auf die Entwicklung derselben.*

86 26 **Ast alii,** etc. Juvenal, *Satires*, vii., 166: "One mind inspires the whole fraternity."

86 30 **Sir Roger de Coverley.** The student will find it interesting to follow out the whole series of papers dealing with this, the most famous of Steele's creations, and to compare Steele's papers with Addison's.

87 1, 2 **That famous country-dance which is called after him.** For the music, see Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.* The dance seems to have been named after a knight of the time of Richard I. The word *country-dance*, long regarded as due to the vulgarization of the French *contre-danse*, was in reality the origin of the French term.

87 12 **Soho Square,** then a new and fashionable part of the town.

87 17 John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1648–80), and Sir George Etherege (1636–94) were famous "wits" and courtiers of the Restoration period, the former a poet, the latter a dramatist.

87 19 **Bully Dawson,** a well-known sharper of the time.

88 18 **Longinus.** The treatise *On Sublimity*, — or better, on "elevation" of style, — the best of the classical treatises on æsthetics and rhetoric, was ascribed, without complete proof, to Longinus, the Greek philosopher and critic, whose name is so closely associated with that of Zenobia. Unlike Aristotle's *Poetics*, which had a strong influence on the renaissance drama, the treatise *On Sublimity* does not touch particularly on matters pertaining to the stage, but it was regarded, especially in the eighteenth century, as an authority of the first rank on the artistic qualities of style.

89 4 **The time of the play.** Several hours earlier than at present.

89 8 **The Rose.** Near Will's, in Russell Street, Covent Garden.

91 9 **Humourists.** In the older sense of the word, whimsical characters.

92 4 **Tom Mirabell.** Steele apparently makes up this name, which has a flavor of the fop and the rake about it. There had been several Mirabels or Mirabells in English plays. See Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Wild-goose Chase*, Farquhar, *The Inconstant*, and Congreve, *The Way of the World*.

93 1 **Quid domini,** etc. Virgil, *Eclogues*, iii., 16: "What will the masters do, when thus the servants dare?"

93 29 **Frequent robberies.** Through a good part of the eighteenth century footpads and highwaymen plied their trade almost unmolested in London and its vicinity. In 1744 the Lord Mayor presented George II. with a memorial, stating that "divers confederacies of evil-disposed persons, armed with bludgeons, pistols, cutlasses, and other dangerous weapons, infested not only the private lanes and passages, but likewise the public streets and places of usual concourse, committing most daring outrages upon his Majesty's subjects." In the same year Shenstone wrote to a friend that he was sometimes deterred from going to the theatre by the fear of "the pickpockets [who] make no scruple to knock people down with bludgeons in Fleet Street and the Strand, and that at no later hour than eight o'clock at night. But in the Piazzas, Covent Garden, they come in large bodies, armed with *couteaux*, and attack whole parties." In 1749 Horace Walpole was attacked by highwaymen in Hyde Park, by moonlight, and nearly lost his life (Walpole's Letters, ed. Cunningham, i., 67).

94 18 **Licentiousness,** disorderly conduct in general. *Cf.* p. 95, l. 30.

94 21 **Board-wages,** wages including, or consisting of, an allowance for board.

97 11 **Ab normis sapiens.** Horace, *Satires*, ii., 3 : "Irregularly wise."

98 11 **A prize in the Tilt Yard.** "In Fisher's *Ground Plan of Whitehall*, the Tilt yard is shown facing the Banqueting House, and extending to the right (towards Charing Cross). Jenny Mann's Tilt Yard Coffee-House, to which Sir Roger refers [line 25], is said to have stood on the site at present [1885] occupied by the Paymaster General's Office, and still existed in 1819." — Dobson.

98 29 **Bass-viol.** Fondness for music, which we do not now think characteristic of Englishmen, was once as common in England as it is at present in Germany.

101 18 **Haerent infixi,** etc. Virgil, *Æneid*, iv., 4 : "His looks were deep imprinted in her mind."

106 5 "There is a certain female ornament by some called a *tucker*, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom." — *Guardian*, No. 100.

106 11 **Tansy,** a pudding flavored with tansy.

106 26 Martial, bk. i., 69.

107 9 **Hoc maxime,** etc. Cicero, *De Officiis*, i., 26 : "It is truly to do a good office, to assist another chiefly in that in which consists his greatest want," *i.e.*, a friend in need is a friend indeed.

110 13 **Bencher of the Temple,** one of the senior members of the Inns of Court, who have the privilege of calling to the bar.

111 1 **O curvae,** etc. Persius, *Satires*, ii., 61 : "O bestial souls, devoid of heavenly flame."

111 11 **Mohock Club.** Steele's description of the outrages of the Mohocks is borne out by other contemporary accounts. See Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, i., 482. The name was adopted from the American Mohawks.

111 29 **Corbonadoed,** grilled. See *Winter's Tale*, iv., iv., 268.

113 10 **Ninth Speculation.** The ninth *Spectator* mentions a club of duellists, "to which none was to be admitted that had not killed his man. . . . This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution."

114 16 **Good.** After this word the original paper added a dash and concluded abruptly with "the rest is torn off; and posterity must be contented to know that Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty, but are

left in the dark as to the name of her lover." In No. 328, however, Steele repeated the letter, adding the sentences which we print.

115 1 **Sine me,** etc. Terence, *Hauton Timorumenos*, i., i., 38: "Ah! let me alone that I may indulge myself one minute."

116 19 **Our voyage.** The details of Steele's voyage and even those of his subsequent peregrinations can, for the most part, be followed on the modern map of London. The following precise indications of spots which the student would have difficulty in identifying are taken from Mr. Dobson's notes. The old *Stocks Market* (116 18) "stood on the site of the present Mansion House." *Strand Bridge* (116 20) "was at the foot of Strand Lane, between King's College and Surrey Street." "There was a *Darkhouse* (116 26) mentioned at Billingsgate, mentioned in Hogarth's *Five Days' Peregrination*, but it can scarcely be the one here referred to." "*James Street* (117 21) is James Street, Covent Garden, turning out of the Great Piazza." *Robin's* (120 6) was a stock-jobbing coffee-house in Exchange Alley.

118 9 **Discovered,** made known the fact that.

121 4 **Prue,** Steele's pet name for his wife.

121 9 **Mr. Nutt's.** Mr. Nutt was the printer of the *Tatler*.

121 10 **Gazette,** the *London Gazette*, which Steele still wrote.

122 3 **Berry-Street.** Steele had a house in Berry Street, St. James's. This letter is addressed "To Mrs. Steele, at Mrs. Bradshaw's house, at Sandy-end, over against the Bull Alehouse in Fulham Road."

122 14 **Cockpitt,** a part of Whitehall Palace.

122 18 **At the Savoy,** at Mr. Nutt's.

122 28 **My grand-daughter,** evidently Steele's natural daughter.

123 11 **The paper,** referring to an article of Addison's on Pope's *Art of Criticism*, in the *Spectator*, No. 253. For Steele's relations with Pope, see Introduction, page xxxviii.

123 17 **Bloomsbury Square,** where Steele now had a house.

124 1 In April, 1713, a quarrel arose between the *Guardian* and the *Examiner*, in the course of which Steele referred, May 12, to an "estranged friend," meaning Swift, as the author of the attacks made on him by the *Examiner*. On May 13, Swift wrote to Addison, declaring that he had no longer any relations with the *Examiner*, and reproaching Steele, "who knows very well that my Lord Treasurer has kept him in his employment [the office of stamp commissioner] upon my intreaty and intercession." See Introduction, page xli. Addison evidently sent the letter to Steele.

XII. THE ENGLISHMAN'S THANKS.

The Tory conception of Marlborough's character was a very different one. See Swift's *History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne*, from which the following passage is taken : —

"The Duke of Marlborough's character hath been so variously drawn, and is indeed of so mixed a nature in itself, that it is hard to pronounce on either side without the suspicion of flattery or detraction. I shall say nothing of his military accomplishments, which the opposite reports of his friends and his enemies among the soldiers have rendered problematical ; but if he be among those who delight in war, it is agreed to be not for the reasons common with other generals. Those maligners who deny him personal valour seem not to consider that this accusation is charged at a venture, since the person of a wise general is too seldom exposed to form any judgment in the matter ; and that fear, which is said to have sometimes disconcerted him before an action, might probably be more for his army than for himself. He was bred in the height of what is called the Tory principle, and continued with a strong bias that way, until the other party had bid higher for him than his friends could afford to give. His want of literature is in some sort supplied by a good understanding, a degree of natural elocution, and that knowledge of the world which is learned in armies and courts. We are not to take the height of his ambition from his soliciting to be General for life. I am persuaded his chief motive was the pay and the perquisites, by continuing the war ; and that he had then no intentions of settling the crown in his family, his only son having been dead some years before. He is noted to be master of great temper, able to govern or very well to disguise his passions, which are all melted down or extinguished in his love of wealth. That liberality which nature has denied him, with respect of money, he makes up by a great profusion of promises ; but this perfection, so necessary in courts, is not very successful in camps among soldiers, who are not refined enough to understand and relish it."

XIII. PROLOGUE TO THE DISTRESSED MOTHER.

Steele's lines bear witness to the authority then exercised in England by the dogma of the three unities (time, place, and action) which had been slowly making its way into England from France. Addison's *Cato*, the most famous of the few English plays constructed on the French

model, was produced in 1713. An interesting account of the movement is given in Perry's *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, chap. v.

XIV. A LETTER TO SIR MILES WHARTON.

Sir Miles Wharton had declined being made a peer, a year before, when twelve new peers were created, in order to give the Tories a majority in the House of Lords. Steele's broadside pointed out, with great effect, the absurdity of such a high-handed procedure.

XV. THE GUARDIAN.

See page liv. The names of the periodicals in which Steele was engaged, from the *Tatler* to the *Englishman*, mark the gradual deepening of his interest in contemporary political issues.

127 15 **Mores multorum vidit.** Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 142: "He's various manners seen."

128 16 **Toast and ale.** An old-fashioned English breakfast.

129 10 **The idea . . . of a fine gentleman.** Compare the ideals which Chesterfield tried to inculcate in his son, the good sense of most of which our century has, on the whole, failed properly to appreciate.

131 4 **A private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the state.** Steele's telling protest against the non-fulfillment of one of the most important articles of the Treaty of Utrecht brought down on him a storm of abuse from his Tory antagonists, and involved him in what seemed to be the ruin of his fortunes and personal disgrace. See pages xiv, xv, xlvii, xlviii.

131 20 The principal figure in the *Guardian* was Mr. Nestor Ironside, who thus declares his creed in the first number: "I am, with relation to the government of the church, a Tory, with regard to the state, a Whig. . . . I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party but to deliver myself as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave."

132 27 **O. S.,** old style.

134 9 **Letter,** type.

134 30 **English Tory.** Steele's reason for signing the letter thus was obviously to show that both parties should be at one in a matter so vital to the interests of the country.

XVI. THE ENGLISHMAN.

Steele was now a member of Parliament and the most influential writer on the Whig side. His reason for suspending the publication of the *Guardian* and beginning the *Englishman* was plainly his devotion to the welfare of the country at a critical moment. Addison was more discreet. See page xxxv.

135 7 **The lion.** A letter box in the shape of a lion's head for contributions to the *Guardian*. See *Guardian*, Nos. 98 and 114.

135 28 **"Sly's hunting cock."** See *Spectator*, No. 532, where are described the various "cocks" which Sly the hatter gave to his wares.

137 15 **The most trading city in the universe.** The characteristic British pride in commercial success which is so simply and nobly expressed by many eighteenth-century writers. "Next to the purity of our religion," says Chamberlayne's *Angliae notitia*, the *Whitaker's Almanac* of the time, "we are the most considerable of any nation in the world for the greatness and extensiveness of our trade" (21st edition, 1704, chap. viii).

138 1 **Blackwell Hall.** The London exchange for woolen cloths.

139 1 **Talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsum.** Virgil, *Æneid*, iii., 690: "Tracing the course which he before had run." — Dryden.

139 8 **Alexander Selkirk.** Selkirk reached England in 1711. The buccaneer who rescued him, Captain Rogers, Steele's friend, published in 1712 *A Cruising Voyage round the World . . . containing . . . an account of Alexander Selkirk's living alone four years and four months on an island.* Defoe's famous romance appeared anonymously in 1719. Two of the French translations attributed the authorship to Steele. It will be noticed that Steele was the first to bring Selkirk's striking adventures to the general attention of the public.

XVII. THE CRISIS.

The *Crisis* was published Jan. 19, 1714, at a period of great popular excitement. The idea was suggested to Steele by William Moore, of the Inner Temple, who prepared a brief of the whole pamphlet. Addison and other prominent men had also a share in the work, which was one of the most effective tracts of the time in favor of the endangered Protestant succession. It appeared under Steele's name, and the clever Dedication, with its appeal to the Established Church to range itself on the Whig side, was evidently Steele's own production. The

pamphlet called forth a stinging rejoinder from an even cleverer hand, that of Swift, in *The First Ode of the Second Book of Horace paraphrased; and Addressed to Richard St—le, Esq.* See page xlii.

XVIII. THE LOVER.

The *Lover*, which bore the title, "Written in Imitation of the *Tatler*, by Marmaduke Myrtle, Gent.," returned, for the most part, to the style of Steele's earliest periodicals.

148 24 **Habet et [et habet] sua castra cupido.** Ovid, *Amores*, i., ix., 1: "All lovers war, and Cupid hath his tent." — Marlowe.

149 6 **Mrs. Ann Page.** The "incomparable" mistress of Mr. Myrtle's affections. See No. 2, which is entirely devoted to her praise.

151 25 **An orange wench.** It was characteristic of the informal and, at times, disorderly nature of the English theatre, down to the present century, that orange girls passed in and out among the audience, hawking their wares.

151 26 **Mrs. Robinson came on the stage.** Anastasia Robinson, the most celebrated vocalist at the Haymarket Theatre from the arrival of Handel in England until 1720. For her romantic history, see Dr. Burney's *History of Music*, or Edwards's *History of the Opera*, i., 134.

152 7 **Gentleman-usher.** Technically, an attendant upon a person of rank, but here, obviously, merely an attentive admirer.

XIX. THE READER.

The aim of the *Reader*, as the second paper states, was "to disabuse those readers who are imposed upon by the licentious writers of this degenerate age. The greatest offender in this kind is the *Examiner*," the Tory organ, with which Swift was long connected. Of the nine numbers Addison wrote two. All nine, with the exception of the one here quoted, treat of political matters.

XX. A LETTER OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

The bill which Steele here renders absurd was "to prevent the growth of schism, and for the further security of the Church of England, as by law established." By its provisions all teachers, whether public or private, were liable to imprisonment if they gave instruction before having subscribed to a declaration of conformity to the liturgy of the Church of England.

XXI. DEDICATION: THE LADIES' LIBRARY.

The fine praise which Steele here bestows on his wife is consonant with the tone of his letters to her from their courtship to her death. That she had her faults, however, and that she caused Steele much needless unhappiness during the last years of her life, will be evident to any one who reads with care his correspondence with her during that period. See, for instance, her letter received Feb. 22, 1717 (Aitkin, ii., 119).

XXII. MR. STEELE'S APOLOGY.

Steele's *Apology*, especially the passage here quoted, is an important document in its bearing on our knowledge of his character. See Introduction, pages xx ff.

XXIII. THE THEATRE.

See Introduction, page xvi. The passage quoted is important in its bearing on Steele's relations with Addison in the last few years of the latter's life. See pages xxxiv–xxxvii.

XXIV. THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

The Conscious Lovers was "the last blaze of Sir Richard's glory," as Victor says, — his last, best, and most successful play. See Introduction, page lii. It was frequently reproduced throughout the remainder of the century, and was translated into French, Italian, and German. Parson Adams's criticism on it is familiar to all readers of Fielding. Underneath all the priggishness and sentimental ethics of the play lies a vein of genuine admiration for high-minded and noble action.

XXV. LETTERS.

174 4 Elizabeth, Richard, Eugene, and Mary were his children.

174 20 **We had not,** etc. This may refer to Mrs. Steele's lack of forethought or to Steele's lack of ready money. Mrs. Steele had gone to Wales to settle her mother's estates there.

175 17 **David,** *i.e.*, David Scurlock, Mrs. Steele's cousin.

INDEX.

[References are to pages. Words and allusions explained in the notes are printed in italics. Matter concerning Steele's life and works has been so carefully arranged under the various headings of the Introduction that no attempt at a more minute classification is attempted in the Index.]

Addison, ix, x, xiv, xv, xxi–xxvi, xxviii–xxix, xxxi, xxxiv–xli, xlv–xlvi, liii, liv, lvii, lxi, 179, 180, 184, 192, 195, 196, 198, 199, 200.
Aldrich, Dr. Henry, 179.
Annuities, 181.
Ash, Edward, 183.

Baby, 186.
Bacon, liii.
Bass-viol, 194.
Bedlam, 185.
Bencher of the Temple, 194.
Berkeley, xxix.
Berry-Street, 195.
Betterton, 188.
Bevis of Southampton, 187.
Bickerstaff, Isaac, liv, 185, 194.
Blackmore, Sir Richard, xxxiv, l.
Blackwell Hall, 198.
Board-wages, 194.
Bohee, 183.
Brown woman, 189.
Buda, 180.
Bully Dawson, 193.

Carbonadoed, 194.
Caryll, John, xxxviii, xxxix.
Cashu, 190.
Cibber, x, xvi, li, 181, 182.
Closet, 181.
Cockpit, 195.
Collier, Jeremy, l.
Congreve, xii, xlix, l.
Conversation, 186.
Coverley, Sir Roger de, 192.
Country-dance, 192.
Crown-piece, 190.
Cutts, Lord, xii, xxiv, 180.

Defoe, xliii, xliv, liii, 192, 198.
Dennis, John, xviii.
Devil Tavern, 183.
Discovered, 195.
Don Belianis, 187.
Du Ruel, 182.

Edgecomb, R., 183.
Etheredge, li, 193.

Fielding, xxxiii, 181, 200.
Forehead-cloths, 189.
Freethinker, 188.
Front box, 187.
Franklin, lvi, lvii.

Gay, John, lv.
Gazette, 195.

Gentleman, 197.
Gentleman-usher, 199.
Goldsmith, 181.
Gossiping, 186.
Gottsched, lviii.
Gozzi, lx.
Grecian, the, 184.
Guy of Warwick, 187.

Hampton-Court, 182.
Hastings, Lady Elizabeth, xxix, 189.
Hearne, Thomas, xiii, xx, xxi.
Hickathrift, John, 187.
Hoadley, Bishop, xxvi.
Hough, Dr. John, 179.
Hughes, John, xxxv.
Humourists, 193.
Hungary Water, 190.

Ironside, Nestor, 197.
Irving, Washington, lvii.

Jacobus, 189.
Johnson, ix, xxvii, xxxvi, xxxvii, lv.

Kidney, 184.
Knights of the Industry, 186.

La Bruyère, liii.
Langteraloo, 190.
Lawes, Henry, 181.
Letter, 197.
Liberties, 182.
Licentiousness, 193.
Lilly, William, 190.
Limerick, 180.
Lion, 198.
Lombard Street, 182.
Longinus, 193.
Lucas, Dr. Richard, 180.
Lumley, Mr., 183.

Macaulay, ix, xxii, xxv.
Machiavelli, 180.
Manley, Mrs., xii, xviii, xxv.
Marlborough, 196.
Milton, xlvii.
Mirabell, Tom, 193.
Mohock Club, 194.
Molière, l.
Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, xxxiii, xlviii.
Montaigne, liii.
Mrs., 182.
Musidorus, 181.
Myrmidons, 186.

Namur, 180.
Nutt, Richard, 195.

Ogle, Jack, 187.
Open-breasted, 186.
Orange wench, 199.
Oroondates, 181.
O. S., 197.

Page, Mrs. Ann, 199.
Pamela, 181.
Pantofles, 181.
Parthenissa, 181.
Partridge, Mr., xl, 184.
Perceval, Sir John, xxix.
Phillips, Ambrose, xxvii, xxxviii, xli.
Plumpers, 189.
Point of war, 187.
Pope, xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv, xxxv, xxxvii, xxxviii, xxxix, xl, xlvi, xlvii, xlix, 195.
Posnet, 189.
Post, 184.
Prévost, lviii.
Prue, 195.

Prior, xii.
Purcell, Daniel, 181.

Robberies, 193.
Robinson, Mrs., 199.
Rochester, Earl of, 193.
Romances, 181.
Rose, the, 193.
Rousseau, lvii.

Sallust, 180.
Satira, 181.
Savage, xxvii.
Savoy, the, 194.
Scurlock, David, 200.
Selkirk, Alexander, 198.
Seven Champions, 187.
Shakspere, xl, 189.
Sharper, 185.
Sheridan, 181.
Shoulder-knot, 186.
Sisly, 182.
Sly, John, xxvi, 198.
Soho Square, 192.
Spanish, 184.
Spence's Anecdotes, xxxiii.
Spenser, xlvii.
St. George, 187.
St. James's Coffee-house, 182, 184.
Sunderland, Lord, 182.
Swift, x, xiv, xx, xxi, xxv, xxvi, xxix, xxxii–xxxiv, xl, xliii, xlv, xlvi, xlix, 180, 183, 185, 191, 195, 196, 199.

Tansy, 194.
Teraminta, 186.
Thackeray, xxii, xxiii–xxv.
Tickell, xxxvi, 184, 192.
Tillotson, Dr., 179.
Tilt Yard, 194.
Toast and ale, 197.
Tonson, xxxvi, 183.
Tory, 197.
Tringham, trangham, 180.
Trumpet, the, 187.
Tucker, 194.
Turkey stone, 189.

Urganda, 181.

Vanbrugh, xviii, xlix, l.
Victor, Benjamin, xxxii, xxxvii, 200.
Voltaire, lvii.

Water of talc, 190.
West Indian business, 183.
Wharton, Sir Miles, 197.
White-pot, 190.
White's Chocolate-house, 184.
Wilks, Robert, xvi, xxx.
Will's Coffee-house, 184.
Wycherley, xlix, li.

Young, Dr., xxxii.

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